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## ROCKY MOUNTAIN FOLKLORE <sup>1</sup>

by

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At any given time and in any given place human beings forming a social group tend to express their common responses to environment and to occupations in a variety of ways. Outstanding individuals may become famous for their special ability to put into more or less permanent art forms general ideas, attitudes, emotions and experiences. From time to time there may appear, especially in a mature culture, an exceptionally gifted artist whose work will continue to enrich civilization for centuries. But much of what enters daily into the consciousness of each of us is the product of nameless but numerous creators who, usually unknowingly, build up what scholars call folklore.

In the siftings of time many once popular stories, songs, sayings, superstitions, and customs have been lost. Some were replaced by others better adapted to changed tastes; some were supplanted by a more academic culture, dependent upon schools and print, or by commercialized entertainments.

In the earlier periods of the settlement of the Rocky Mountain West the life and the lore of the people were more distinct from those of other regions than is true in our own age of national standardization. By an examination of various phases of the folk traditions of this section of our country we are able to recapture for ourselves some of its unique flavor.

In the speech of the old-timers one still hears, occasionally, a word or phrase which smacks of the pioneer West. If a living thesaurus is not to be had, one can fall back upon the reports of conversations heard in the early years by explorers, journalists, and curious visitors. From one or the other source come the following examples:

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<sup>1</sup> Read at the Western Folklore Conference, University of Denver, Denver, Colorado, July 21-24, 1941.

"Never camp on this side the stream; always go to the further shore."

(from a newspaper interview with William N. Byers, 1899)

"The West is hard on women and oxen."

(Mrs. Byers thus quoted a frontier woman, in a newspaper article in 1897)

"We split our blankets"—used when the partners on a trapping expedition parted company.

(from "Journal of Osborne Russell", c. 1842)

"A bird can't fly over thar without takin' a supply of grub along."

(Jim Bridger's description of a desert region)

"If you are going far, travel light."

(According to Marie Sandoz, the old-timers thus advised a newcomer to cut down on baggage)

"As sensitive as a mule's hind foot" and "As interesting as a jackpot."

(Comparisons used by Chauncey Thomas, of Denver)

"It will turn up somewhere in the suds."

(Thus an old lady in Denver expressed her attitude toward a lost article)

"Hell! My prayers wouldn't rise seven feet from the ground."

(Attributed to six-footer Joel Carr, who was offered time for prayer before the vigilance committee strung him up for murder)

"I'll strike it rich next summer."

(Favorite expression of prospectors coming to town out of the mountains for the winter)

"To trust is bust;

To bust is hell;

No trust, no bust;

No bust, no hell."

(An early-day eating house sign)

Too familiar to need extended illustration here are the many contributions to American speech as well as to the vocabulary of Westerners which have been made by such regional occupations as the cattle industry, gold and silver mining, the fur trade, and irriga-

tion farming. Even the place names in the Rocky Mountain West help to preserve the flavor and the lore of earlier times. Full of connotation, also, are the following Western epithets:

"Rocky Mountain Canary" or "Colorado Mocking Bird"  
(for the lowly burro, without whom prospectors could scarcely have existed)

"The Texan Centaur" (for the cowboy, incomplete without a horse)

"A grub-line rider" (one who avoids the hard work of riding trail, and subsists by visiting ranch houses only at meal time)

"A man for breakfast" (a common expression in frontier towns following a murder the night before)

"No breakfast, forever" (the verdict over a companion who died suddenly in the night)

"Lightning Express" (label on the wagon of some '59ers, pulled by one old bull; after the bull was sacrificed, the men pulled the wagon themselves)

The oaths of the bullwhackers, also, are reported to be worthy of the vast open spaces and the tall mountain peaks. But it may be just as well not to quote any of them, for our rubber-tired age has little need of further acceleration in transportation.

Superstitions are a well-recognized part of folklore. Except for the Indians, the Rocky Mountains and the great plains were inhabited by people relatively advanced in civilization. Nevertheless some belief in omens, charms, and even spirits is to be found in the records of the past and of the present as well. Listed by the *Colorado Guide* (1941) as one of the sights in Greeley is the "hanging tree", whose once useful limb "withered"—this in a country where cottonwoods are known to have borne fruit on numerous occasions. Early day metal miners, some of them from Wales, would leave the lower levels when they heard noises which they attributed to the "Tommy-knockers", spirits that dwell in mines. A few years ago an old Gilpin County investor expressed in a privately printed pamphlet the belief of many that once rich mines produce "grown gold" and could be opened up later on, often at a good profit.

A frequent sight at the cattle round-ups was a cowboy weaving a horse hair lasso, for a loop of it around his bed at night would

protect him from rattlesnakes, centipedes, and tarantulas, which "would not cross hair".

The following newspaper clipping from the *Denver Post*, March 5, 1911, and signed by Sam Boardman, Albuquerque, New Mexico, tells of the belief in a man-eating snake.

Many miles from the railroad and not far from the old town of Abiguin, N. M., are hundreds of cliff dwellings. . . . Under these and in the mountains back of them are many caves and from some of these caves warm water issues. . . . Tradition has it that when the cliff dwellers first came to this country they brought with them a huge serpent from the south; that they worshipped this serpent and that the serpent lived in the caves. Further, it is asserted that human sacrifices were offered this serpent and that these were dropped down through the hole in the bottom of the cliff dwellings.

Today and for years past many Mexicans who live near these cliff dwellings firmly believe that although the cliff dwellers have departed the serpent still lives in these caves and that from time to time it comes forth and does not return again to the caves until it has devoured at least one human being. Some few claim to have seen it, but these few are called liars by the many who believe in the existence of the serpent, who also believe that no one can see it and live. Many claim, however, to have seen its trail which, according to common report, much resembles the trail of an alligator.

About a year ago a goat herder and his son were tending their flock about fifteen miles from the cliff dwellings. According to Juan Velasquez, a Mexican rancher who lives near Ojo Caliente, the goat herder and his son suddenly heard a great noise, like the rushing of winds or like the noise made by a swiftly moving train. The father and son had both heard of the serpent and, believing it was coming toward them, at once rushed for their home, about three miles away. The father was so frightened that he was at home before he noticed that his son was not following close behind. To this day no trace whatsoever has even been found of the son, although, according to Velasquez and many others, the trail of the serpent was very plain.

More common is the belief that sheep-herders are usually a bit crazy. The following undated Denver newspaper clipping, from the *Dawson Scrapbooks*, illustrates this attitude.



## AFFLICTED WITH JIGGERS

By a Sheep-Herder

Standing on the pebbled strand of Manhattan Beach, the other day, was a young man dressed in the rough garb of the plains.

[A companion explained his peculiar actions as follows:]

"That's Sheep-herder Jack, as we call him out in the Bijou Basin. He's got the sheep-jiggers bad. Just watch him a minute. Ye see he's got ten little pebbles or jiggers in his right hand. Now he'll count from one up to a hundred, and then he'll pass one of them jiggers into his left hand. When he gets all of the 'jiggers' into his left hand, that will make a thousand, and he'll cut a notch in the rim of his hat or his boot-heel. Didn't ye ever notice the notches cut in a sheep-buckaroo's hat? That's what it means. When Jack gets a thousand counted, he counts another thousand, and passes the jiggers back to his right hand, and keeps on in that way back and forth all day if we let him. . . .

"We brougthen him over here thinkin' the life and bustle of the city might help him, but it's no use. He jist stands like you see him all day long and counts people for sheep, the same as if he was on the Kiowa plains.

"I was out once in the foothills of the Turkey Mountains working for old man Pinkerton near Wagon Mound, and I had so much trouble with coyotes and underbrush that I used to count my bunch of sheep three times a day. I didn't have no time for anything else, and it mighty near took me off my base.

"I could see sheep a-jumpin' over the bars night and day, and could hear their eternal blat ringin' in my head like Boulanger's march on a hand-organ."

Traditional wisdom of the Western frontier includes many a plan for meeting common difficulties or deficiencies in equipment. The following examples were collected by the Colorado Writers' Project:

**Cricket Thermometers**—To determine temperature—just count the number of chirps made by the crickets in 15 seconds. To this add 49 and you have the temperature in Fahrenheit. Crickets chirp faster in warm weather, and in unison. No good in cold weather—crickets won't chirp then.

**Clay Stoves**—Imitated from mountain Indians. Slender poles are dobbed over with clay, then burnt out. The clay hardens and forms permanent stove.

Use blocks of the size on which to set pots. They burn away and leave pot holes.

**Waterproof Matches**—Importance of ready fire to outland wanderer, range rider, prospector, timber cruiser, and hunter meant that matches must be kept dry. A pan of paraffin is dissolved and poured over matches. The matches are good even if submerged.

Power to locate wells by "divining rods" was in demand, especially in "dry land" sections. The gifted one used birch wood or diamond willow, 30 to 32 inches long with 2 limbs, 4 inches long, forming a fork at the end. He walked over land to N. W. If stream is underground the pressure on branch is so great it cannot be held, it will turn in hand. Dig there. Fee is usually \$5 in Colorado Springs; but is greater in the dry section.

**Winter Drinking Water**—Cattlemen, etc., break hole in ice—dip stick or quirt into water and then into snow, until snowball is formed and becomes saturated. Then they drain the water from it into the mouth. "Eating" plain snow to quench thirst is considered to be very harmful.

In the Rockies as elsewhere west of the Mississippi there are numerous stories of buried treasure, lost mines, phantom canons, etc., but they differ little from those easily found in well-known collections. A few examples follow:

Alamosa, Colorado, March 4.—San Luis valley men still harken to the lure of lost gold, hoping some day to make legends of hidden wealth come true.

The valley's surrounding mountains are said to hide fabulous riches. In some areas the reputed wealth is in unmined ore, discovered years ago and then lost. In others, the alluring tales tell of treasure-troves of mined gold, cached in secret spots by one-time adventurers. Many believe there is such a cache near the summit of Wolf Creek pass.

Usually the hunt for lost fortunes is carried on by ranchers in the vicinity. Having heard the time-honored legends, the ranchers can't resist the urge to hunt buried treasure.

One legend has it that two men mined in the Mogote peaks country in the '80s and struck it rich. They went to Taos, N. M., drank too much, talked over-freely, and were murdered by badmen, according to the story teller. But the badmen, despite desperate efforts, never found the workings from which the miners had dug their high-grade ore. Men still are looking for the diggings.

Up near Del Norte, on Embargo creek, some old-timers who mined in the mountains in summer and buried their gold in winter, left a fortune. The story is that these men, too, were "rubbed out" by the gangsters of that era, and the gold they had brought down from the hills lies buried in a mountain cache. Hardy men have spent days digging and even plowing in the vicinity, but so far they have not been rewarded.

In the Sangre de Cristos there are reputed to be caches of gold mined in the early part of the last century by the Spanish pioneers who ventured into southern Colorado from Mexico and the Santa Fe area. But, tho there are a number of "authorities" who can tell "right where it's supposed to be," hard labor has failed to uncover the legendary millions. (*Denver Post*, March 5, 1939.)

According to Josiah Ward, who wrote a series of sketches for the *Denver Post* during 1919 and 1920, there were legends still existing among the old families of Pagosa Springs, Colorado, and of Taos, New Mexico, of a treasure cache near Pagosa Springs. They told of a Treasure Peak discovered by a band of French adventurers about 1800. Only one of the band, Labreau, survived to tell of it, and no one has since been able to locate the rich mine. Many have tried to find it, including a party in 1847, guided by a Donald Archuleta, whom Ward interviewed.

Western songs and ballads from the cow country have long been popular; those developed in connection with other regional occupations are less well known. Although the bull-whacker, who freighted supplies across the plains and the mountains, borrowed many of his songs from the miner and the overlander who also traveled the Oregon and the Santa Fe trails, he originated some of his own. One old-timer, Robert McReynolds, wrote of them as follows:

The songs sang about the camp-fires were not such as are rendered by opera companies of the present day. In fact, they have gone into disuse since the men who sang them and the occasion that gave them birth, have passed into history.

The chorus, when joined by twenty or more bull-whackers who always carried their lungs with them, was indeed thrilling.

A song sung by a California miner who went by the euphonious sobriquet of "Sluice Box," never failed to elicit encore. It was descriptive of his adversities and trials through the sluice mining country, and the last lines that I remember were:

I stole a dog, got whipped like hell,  
And away I went for Marysville,  
Then leave, ye miners, leave,  
Oh leave, ye miners, leave.

Then the boys used to "sandwich" in Irish, German and negro melodies, besides drawing upon national and war songs. Among the latter, "John Brown" and "Dixie" were quite popular, but any song with a good stiff chorus was the proper thing.

A parody on the "Texas Ranger" was also a popular song, though not so lively and inspiring as the others, being lacking in a chorus. It was a sort of lament of a boy who at the age of eighteen ran away, "joined old 'Major's' train," and started for Laramie. They had a fight at Plum Creek in which six of their men were killed by the Indians and buried in one grave.

In his description of the fight he says:

We saw the Indians coming,  
They came up with a yell,  
My feelings that moment  
No human tongue can tell.

I thought of my old mother,  
In tears she said to me:  
"To you they're all strangers;  
You'd better stay with me."

I thought her old and childish,  
Perhaps she did not know,  
My mind was fixed on driving,  
And I was bound to go.

We fought them full one hour  
Before the fight was o'er,  
And the like of dead Indians  
I never saw before;

And six as brave fellows  
As ever came out West,  
We buried up at Plum-Creek,  
Their souls in peace to rest.

A stray stanza from each of two other bullwhacker songs follows—one of them used by the cook, the other by the driver:

Bacon in the pan  
Coffee in the pot;  
Get up and get it—  
Get it while it's hot.

I'm a bull-whacker, far from home,  
If you don't like it, just leave me alone—  
Eat my grub when hungry, drink when dry;  
Whack, punch, swear, and then lie down and die.

The Rocky Mountain miner had, already to hand, the songs originated by the forty-niners, as well as a wealth of currently popular and classical music. One song, however, expressing the discouragement that overtook many a prospector, is included here:

Thrice I have left this cursed spot  
But mine it was to learn  
The fatal truth that dust we are  
To dust we shall return.

So here condemned by fate unkind  
I rock illusive sand  
And dream of wailing babes at home,  
Unrocked, an orphan band.

Once more returned at close of day  
To a cheerless dismal home,  
He vows, if he were back in Maine,  
He never more would roam.

Now hunger makes his stomach yearn  
For yams or Irish roots  
But these he looks in vain to find  
Then tries to fry his boots.

(Colorado Writers' Project File)

Perhaps the most popular form of Western lore was the tall tale. Around the buffalo-chip fire on the plains, in front of the bunk house, or lined up at the bar, frontier men exchanged experiences and entertained each other. Some of the stories which they told might serve as keys to the ideals, the goals, the beliefs of a century of Westerners. A few of the narrators were long-winded, but such masters as Jim Bridger, Black Harris, and Hatcher, were content to recount a single episode and then wait until the others in the group had had their turns attempting to pull the long bow. As Charles Russell once wrote, "A man in the States might have been a liar in a small way, but when he comes West he soon takes lessons from the prairies, where ranges a hundred miles away seem within touchin' distance, streams run uphill and Nature appears to lie some herself."

Resourcefulness under unusual circumstances was often the theme. For example, there was the one about the buffalo hunter, caught by a blizzard at nightfall on the open plains. Although fortunate enough to kill an old, stray bull, he would have frozen to death had it not occurred to him to cut the buffalo open, crawl into the warm inside, and pull the halves together again. After passing

a fairly comfortable night, he was dismayed to find that the buffalo had frozen together so that he was in danger of starving to death in his strange prison house. Equipped as he was, however, with a good set of teeth he achieved his freedom and escaped death from hunger by valiantly eating his way out.

The narrow escape type is illustrated by the following, presumably true snake story:

A gentleman who came in from the Tip Top country states that on last Sunday morning a well known prospector, who stands six feet in his stockings, and wears a No. 13 boot, was enjoying the genial sunshine of a hill when he stepped on the tail of a monster rattlesnake, which was also enjoying a sun bath.

The first intimation the prospector had of the snake's presence was a sharp, angry hiss, quickly followed by a swishing sound, as the great snake threw himself into a whip-like semi-circle through the air, dashing its head against the prospector's left top vest pocket, which contained a large square plug of chewing tobacco, into which the snake sunk its fangs and from which it was unable to pull them through the cloth vest, and there the snake hung, with its tail fast under the prospector's boot and its head within a few inches of his mouth, thrashing its body against his overalls with the sound of three hotel chambermaids beating a carpet.

The prospector stood like one mesmerized, inhaling the sickening odor which rose from the mouth of the hissing snake, with his eyes fastened on the bead-like orbs of the enraged reptile. But the snake's struggling grew weaker and weaker as the tobacco colored venom oozed from the sides of its mouth, the tobacco making it sick, and in a short time it hung limp, dangling from the prospector's vest like a great rawhide rope.

The tobacco had made it deathly sick; a film passed over its eyes; the charm was broken; a spasmodic movement of the prospector's arm and the reptile's head was crushed against the plug of tobacco; then the horrified prospector fell over unconscious, where he was soon afterward found by a companion, all tangled up with the dead snake. He was disentangled, restored to consciousness. He felt for his plug of tobacco, cut out and threw away a bright green piece from the middle of it, took a chew from the corner of the plug and told the above story.

Like the story of Androcles and the lion, is the following account:

#### THE SNAKE AND THE TENDERFOOT

A brother from the East came to visit a cowboy working for Iliff. He came upon a snake pinned down by a boulder which had rolled off a cliff. He released the rattler and won its eternal gratitude. It followed him like a pet dog. Even slept on the foot of his bed at night.

One night he awoke with a start, feeling that something was wrong. The snake was missing from its accustomed place. He went out in the kitchen, feeling a draft from that direction. Sure enough, the window was open and there was the snake with its body tightly wrapped around the burglar, with its tail hanging out the window, rattling for help.

Without end are the stories of the wonders of Western nature. Inspired by the seemingly boundless plains, soaring mountains, and deep canons, what native can resist including a bit of exaggeration in describing his habitat? Hardest for the uninitiated to believe were the word pictures of the Yellowstone region, as drawn in the early days by Jim Bridger. But he really had seen a petrified forest, a glass mountain, and a river fed by melting snow which ran down hill so fast that it was boiling hot at the bottom.

As stories found in the *Dawson Scrapbooks* testify, even the sheep do wonders in the high altitudes of the Rockies. Some fill their own teeth. Because of their habit of close browsing on rocky mountain sides, their teeth are soon worn out; then they descend to rich gulches and there, while grazing, fill their teeth with gold. Too, sheep make wonderful jumps. One old-timer told of even more remarkable Idaho goats—he saw one jump from a jutting out pinnacle, 300 feet; then, not finding the place on the opposite side of the crevice suitable for landing, he reversed himself and jumped back to safety.

Any treatment of the Western tall tale should include at least one fish story. Perhaps the following is not the biggest one that could be found, but it will serve. It was clipped from a Colorado newspaper and preserved in the *Dawson Scrapbooks* (Denver Historical Society):

Apishapa, Colorado, April 15 (1922).—Some of the storage reservoirs for irrigation water in southeastern Colorado contain catfish by the thousands, their size varying from the "fry" recently planted to as large,



it is reported, as any ever hooked in the Mississippi river.

Ura Lyon, a well-known cowboy of the "Bobtail" ranch, located in Otero county, reports the loss of his half-grown Airedale pup, Alkali, who, he says, was swallowed up as bait by a catfish in the Apishapa reservoir, where 10,000 "cat fry" were recently placed after the irrigation officials had completed a three-foot crown on the dam retaining the water. (Lyon is truthful.)

"I had been riding all day," said Lyon, "and Alkali was following me. By mid-afternoon the pup was tired out. In order not to leave him behind I took down my lasso, a half-inch, four-strand, closely-woven manila, and tied one end around the pup's neck and the other to my saddle horn. When we reached the reservoir the pup was hot and thirsty and before I could stop him had plunged into the water to drink his fill and cool off.

"The rope was still around his neck. He was several feet from the shore, swimming in deep water. I was still in the saddle, 'twisting' a smoke, when suddenly I was catapulted over my horse's head to the ground, and my horse, Sagebrush, was slowly being pulled toward the water.

"Sagebrush, one of the best 'roping' horses in the world, who can flip a 1,000-pound steer and hold him without moving six inches, was straining every muscle in his wiry body, but was slowly being dragged toward the water. Suddenly, however, the rope line grew slack and I caught a glimpse of a long, glistening, blackish body with an extremely large head, that looked like that of a catfish, and a mouth as wide as a door.

"There was a lightning-like plunge.

"Swish! Snap! The rope had parted and poor little Alkali and half of my lasso also went down into their fishy tomb."

The West is noted not only for its spectacular landscape, but also for the hardihood of its inhabitants. The following account of a Gargantuan spree is taken from an old history of Colorado:

The "Greasers," half-breeds, and adventurers from every point of the compass who largely made up the floating population of Pueblo in those early days, if we may accept the local color sketches by *Tite Barnacle* (General Stevenson) of the "Chieftain," would have made delightful studies for a Shakespeare delineating his Sir Andrew Aguecheek and Toby Belch. According

to this veteran journalist, doctor, soldier and *raconteur*, who indeed, is to-day, chronicler *par excellence* of Pueblo's "*Auld lang Syne*," at this early age the convivial propensities of the people of Pueblo began to crop out in an unmistakable manner. "One day, a returning tenderfoot, who had been to the mining regions with a load of 'groceries,' stopped in the settlement on his way home to Missouri. He had a portion of a barrel of whisky left and offered to sell it to a party of the Pueblos. They purchased the liquor, and soon manufactured a washtub full of egg-nog. The scene of the revel was in Pat Maywood's blacksmith shop, down by the river bank. The male inhabitants of the town all gathered there and after several fights, many of the revelers were overcome by the bilious compound. An eye witness gives the closing scene as follows: "One man hung doubled up over the bellows; another sat sound asleep in the tub of water in which the smith cooled his hot irons; a third reposed with his face in the ashes of the forge; a dozen more slept in various positions in the dust on the earthen floor of the shop. But two showed signs of life. In one corner was the proprietor of the shop and astride his breast sat an individual, afterward a well known citizen of Pueblo, armed with a funnel and a tin cup and engaged in pouring egg-nog down the prostrate man's throat, the victim mildly protesting that he could not drink another drop."

Tradition has it that Jack Allen's whisky was considered by the rougher pioneers of Southern Colorado as most excellent, because when drunk it made them feel as if a torchlight procession was galloping down their throats. The non-arrival of freight wagons drawn by patient oxen, in those days, never induced a whisky famine at Jack Allen's, and it was thought his distillery was wherever he happened to be. His fine old hand made, copper distilled, "blue grass dew," was probably manufactured, according to Stevenson, from alcohol, chilicolorow, Arkansas River water, old boots, rusty bayonets, yucca and cactus thorns. It always had the same flavor and startling effect.

In matters of diet there is some disagreement; or at least there was, if we can believe the following narrative, printed in an early newspaper. It illustrates one of the attitudes which led to the great struggle in Wyoming between cattlemen and nesters, the Johnson County War of 1892, for the cattlemen regarded sheep as "hoofed locusts".

## A FEED FOR THE GODS

A wholly erroneous impression exists back east . . . that the western sheepman is a spiritless and subdued, not to say a cowardly sort of an individual. We never yet met up with a sheepman who would crawfish in the presence of the devil. . . . During the bitter war between the Wyoming cattlemen and sheepmen a few years ago a scene was pulled off in a little restaurant in Lander one afternoon when a mild-looking sheepman named Woodruff walked in and took a seat at a table.

"Bring me a broiled mutton chop," said Woodruff to the waiter.

A big-booted and spurred cowboy, who was munching a steak at a table in the corner of the feed shack, heard the sheepman's order, and he got up from his place and swung clankingly over to Woodruff's table. "Say, look a-here, ombrey," said the cowboy, in an insulting manner, to the sheepman, "I take it as an insult f'r any locoed sheep snoozer T'slam into any place where I'm eatin' and order such silly vittels as a mutton shop—d'ye know that?" "Is that so?" inquired Woodruff coolly. "Hey, there, you waiter." The waiter hurried from the kitchen and stood at attention before Woodruff's table, over which the cowboy still loomed threateningly.

"Waiter," said Woodruff, "make that two mutton chops, instead of one." With that Woodruff's gun was out like a flash, and he was drawing a tidy bead on the bullying cowboy's heart. "You, you fat head of a heifer-prodder, are going to eat that other chop," said the sheepman. The cowboy was fairly stuck up, and the edge was on him. He slouched into the other seat at Woodruff's table, taking pains to keep his hands above his waistline, for Woodruff kept him covered. Five minutes later the waiter brought in the two mutton chops. The cowboy ate his and he ate it first.

In addition to the factual accounts of such well-known figures in Western history as Kit Carson, Fremont, Brigham Young, Governor Gilpin, and General Custer, there are many stories about people who have become more and more legendary through the years. The outlaw Billy the Kid, Slade the station agent, the showman Buffalo Bill, the trapper Jim Bridger, and Prunes, the revered burro of the Alma region, now serve as magnets for stray stories. Less well known is the heroine of the Fairplay district, after whom is named Silver Heels Mountain. According to tradition Silver Heels was a beautiful and charming dance-hall woman in Buckskin Joe, who had the

only pair of silver slippers within seven hundred miles. When smallpox hit the town, she heroically stayed and nursed the miners alone. When the grateful miners searched for her to give her a purse of money for her services, she had disappeared; but she was not forgotten. The mountain was officially named after her in 1929.

This somewhat random sampling of the folklore of the Rockies neglects much—folk dances, music, games, cures, weather signs, customs of dress, Spanish-American contributions, Indian lore, stories of lucky strikes, of wild horses, of vigilante ways, of Indian wars, and of many other subjects. Beginnings have been made in the collection, the preservation, the study, and the popularization of our regional heritage. Materials have been assembled by the historical societies of Colorado and the other Western states, by the public and university libraries of Denver and elsewhere, by the Writers' Projects of the W.P.A., and by individual collectors. The work is not as far advanced as in some parts of the United States, but there is a growing interest in various phases of it. Industrious, conscientious, gifted, and trained workers are the greatest need of the present.

*University of Denver.*

The Southeastern Folklore Society will hold its Seventh Annual Meeting on the campus of the University of Florida, Gainesville, on February 13-14, 1942. All those living within a two-hundred mile radius of Chapel Hill, North Carolina, should write R. M. Grumman at Chapel Hill. He plans to devise ways of getting people to Florida cheaply and pleasantly. For details concerning the meeting write Alton C. Morris at Gainesville, Florida.



## FINGER RHYMES

by

Sam M. Shiver

"Finger Rhymes", or as Böhme<sup>1</sup> and others call them, "Finger Tales" (Fingermärchen), are short formulae used in the nursery to amuse the child. They concern the thumb and the four fingers and are recited as the narrator touches in order the thumb or finger corresponding to the line of the formula.

Finger rhymes fall into two groups: those which enumerate the fingers and assign to them familiar or characteristic names, and those which tell a story based on the interplay of the members of the hand. In addition to the ordinary names of the fingers: thumb, forefinger, middle finger, ring-finger and little finger, the names used in the first group of rhymes refer to the shape of the fingers, to some characteristic assigned them, or to some function which they perform. The thumb, on account of its coarseness and corresponding strength, receives such names as "peasant", "woodchopper", or, according to a duty which it is sometimes called upon to perform, "louse-killer" or "louse-snapper". The names of the forefinger are derived from its very pleasant duty of tasting food: "pot-licker", "lick-the-pot" or "dip-and-licker". The distinguishing point of the middle finger is its length, and it is therefore "long man" or "long John". The ring-finger is generally "gold finger" or a variation derived from the ring usually worn on it. The little finger receives two sets of names: those referring to its size, "wee-wee" and "little finger", and those referring to its sly, cunning nature, "rascal" and "rogue". Besides these names there are those which compare the fingers to persons or things familiar to the child:

Bauer, Bäurin, Knecht, Dirn,  
Kleins Wuzerl, Wuzerl in der Wiagn!<sup>2</sup>

or the following example which is an echo of the school:

Das ist der Dumme,  
Das ist der G'scheite,  
Das ist der Herr Lehrer,  
Das ist der Herr Oberlehrer,  
Und das ist der kleine Patzer.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Böhme, Franz Magnus, *Deutsches Kinderlied und Kinderspiel* (1897). "Fingermärchen" is the designation used in the table of contents.

<sup>2</sup> *Das deutsche Volkslied* III (1901), p. 68.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 68.

or:

Däumchen, Pfläumchen, Aepfelchen, Birnchen, Nüsschen.<sup>4</sup>  
This last example is very rare and may be a derivative of the usual finger rhyme:

Das ist der Daumen,  
Der schüttelt die Pflaumen,  
Der liest sie auf,  
Der trägt sie heim,  
Und der Kleinste isst sie ganz allein.<sup>5</sup>

"Däumchen" is given to start with, "Pfläumchen" is a convenient rhyme, and the narrator, instead of following the usual formula, continues with an enumeration of fruits, ending with "Nüsschen" alluding to the size of the little finger.

This group of finger rhymes usually names the thumb first, as in the following examples:

Dumedott, lickepott, langemann,  
kort Johann, lütte Peter fuhrmann.<sup>6</sup>

Daumenlutscher, guckerlutscher, langemann,  
kurzerjahn, kleiner Peter Lindemann.<sup>7</sup>

The following example, however, starts with the little finger:

Winzerl, Peaterl, Langer Mann, Ueberhupf, Kirchenknopf.<sup>8</sup>

The simple enumeration of the fingers is not usually couched in rhyme. In the following English example alliteration supplements rhyme:

Tommy Tibule, Harry Wibule,  
Tommy Tissile, Harry whistle,  
Little wee, wee, wee.<sup>9</sup>

The following rhymed enumeration seems to be literary:

Das ist der Vater lieb und gut,  
Das ist die Mutter frohen Mut,  
Das ist der Bruder schlank und gross,  
Das ist die Schwester mit dem Kindlein auf dem Schoss,  
Das ist das Kindlein klein,  
Das soll die ganze Familie sein. . .<sup>10</sup>

<sup>4</sup> Lewalter-Schläger, *Deutsches Kinderlied und Kinderspiel* (1911), p. 23, no. 42.

<sup>5</sup> Krönig, *Der Urquell I* (1897), p. 114.

<sup>6</sup> Wossidlo, Richard, *Mecklenburgische Volksüberlieferungen* (1897), p. 60, no. 292a.

<sup>7</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 60, no. 293.

<sup>8</sup> P., *Das dt. Volkslied III* (1901), p. 120.

<sup>9</sup> Northall, G. F., *English Folk-Rhymes* (1892), p. 417.

<sup>10</sup> Stückrath, O., *Nassauisches Kinderleben in Sitte u. Brauch* (1932), p. 87, no. 617.



A second seemingly literary example runs thus:

Fünf Finger hab' ich an der Hand,  
 Ich weiss wie alle sind benannt;  
 Mit dem Daumen fängt es an,  
 Zeigefinger kommt alsdann,  
 Mittelfinger kommt in der Mitte,  
 Folgt darauf und ist der dritte,  
 Dann Goldfingerchen zuviert,  
 Wird mit blankem Gold geziert,  
 Endlich noch Kleinfingerlein,  
 Alle, alle sind sie mein.<sup>11</sup>

"Das ist der Vater lieb und gut" has a simple counterpart in French in which the fingers are given the names of the family without any distinguishing characteristics:

Voici le père,  
 Voici la mère,  
 Voici la demoiselle,  
 Voici le fils,  
 Voici le petit rincouincouin. . . .<sup>12</sup>

The foregoing is in no wise a thorough classification of the names of the different fingers. It hints at the variations involved and at their formulae. The remainder of the study deals more fully with the second group of rhymes and their classification. In view of the fact that the bibliographical material far outweighs the descriptive, the former has been included in the main body of the study rather than in the foot-notes.

The following classification of the second group of rhymes is based on the content of the tales and not on the activities of the respective fingers. A. de Cock and Is. Teirlinck<sup>13</sup> classify finger tales according to the roles of the little finger and thumb, but in so doing exclude of necessity any tale in which definite roles can not be assigned to these two members of the hand, as in the following example:

Das ist der Bauer,  
 Der geht auf's Feld,  
 Der sitzt im Korn,  
 Der hat die Sensen,  
 Und der Kleine schreit, Haut's mir nit mein Kopf weg!<sup>14</sup>

<sup>11</sup> Wehrhan, K., *Frankfurter Kinderleben* (1929), p. 13, no. 165.

<sup>12</sup> Rolland, E., *Rimes et jeux de l'enfance* (1883), p. 25.

<sup>13</sup> A. de Cock en Is. Teirlinck, *Kinderspel en Kinderlust in Zuid-Nederland* (1903), III, pp. 233-251.

<sup>14</sup> Fraungruber, *Das dt. Volkslied*, III (1901), p. 68.

In the foregoing the little finger has no active role in the proceedings. In order to avoid this difficulty the following classification, while based primarily on the content of the tales, does take into account the role of the little finger, which is now a glutton and now a tattler.

The majority of the real finger tales concerns hunger and its satisfaction. It is to this powerful urge that the Malagasy attribute the separation of the fingers<sup>15</sup>: Each of the fingers had its own thoughts. On the little finger's expressing its hunger, the ring-finger advised it to go out and steal food. The middle finger asked it to bring food for the other members of the hand. The forefinger expressed its doubts as to the ethics of the act, and the thumb, not wanting to participate in the theft, separated from the fingers. Among the Malagasy the ring-finger and the middle finger have no special names, since they had bad thoughts.

The dating of the tales can not be made, as no dates in the collections are given. The dates of the collections themselves offer no help. On account of its common occurrence the tale of the stealing of plums may be taken as the oldest. The geographical distribution of the tales offers little difficulty, as the locality is usually given. The tales are to be found in all parts of Germany, Austria and Switzerland. Belgium, England and Denmark have relatively few, and France can show little more than these countries. America can offer no example, unless it be that beginning "Let's go to bed, said Sleepy-Head", and even this example of a tale usually refers to the toes.

A second group of rhymes comprises short tales which present a connected story involving interdependence and continued action of the individual fingers. These longer tales sprang evidently from the longer enumeration of the fingers; in the following examples the beginnings of a story can clearly be seen:

Dummdott, Peter putt, langemann, kort Johann,  
lütt Peter weet dor nicks von.<sup>16</sup>

Dumedutt, lütte putt, groot Johann,  
dee kann so lieblich danzen,  
dee kann so lieblich de trummel slahn,  
didupp, didupp, didupp.<sup>17</sup>

<sup>15</sup> Sibree, J., *Folklore Journal* I (1883), p. 311.

<sup>16</sup> Wossidlo, *Meck. Volksüberlieferungen*, p. 60, no. 292b.

<sup>17</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 61, no. 294.

Except for "Daumen : Pflaumen", rhymes are infrequent in these longer formulae. The rhythm is light, the lines are short, as one would expect in verses which are to be recited easily and rapidly. In the majority of tales the fingers receive no names:

Das ist der Daumen,  
Der schüttelt die Pflaumen,  
Der liest sie auf,  
Der trägt sie heim,  
Und der Kleinste isst sie ganz allein.<sup>18</sup>

According to content, the finger tales group themselves under five heads, leaving some comparatively rare, individual examples which stand more or less to themselves:

#### I. The fingers steal plums.

Das ist der Daumen,  
Der schüttelt die Pflaumen,  
Der liest sie auf,  
Der trägt sie heim,  
Und der Kleinste isst sie ganz allein.<sup>19</sup>

#### A. Little finger in role of glutton:

North Germany: Müller, *Am Urquell*, III (1892), p. 141, no. 12.

Rhine Section: Müller, "Rheinisches Fingermärchen" in *Zs. f. dt. Mund.* (1915), p. 396, 397, 402.

Central Germany: Carstens, *Niedersachsen*, XIV (1909), p. 451.

Vienna and the Austrian Alps: Fraungruber, *Das dt. Volksl.*, III (1901), p. 68.

Silesia: Schreiber, *Das dt. Volksl.*, XVII (1915), p. 82.

Alsace-Lorraine: Mathis, *Jb. f. Gesch. d. Spr. u. Lit. Elsass-Lothringens*, VII (1891), p. 162.

Switzerland: Züricher, Gertrud, *Kinderlieder d. dt. Schweiz* (1926), p. 51, no. 809.

Mecklenburg: Wossidlo, *Meckl. Volksüberl.*, III (1906), p. 61, nos. 297, 300. Böhme, *Dt. Kinderl. u. Kindersp.* (1924), p. 50, no. 196.

Frankfurt a.M.: Dillmann, J., *Hunsrücker Kinderl. u. Kinder-reime* (1909), p. 9, no. 26.

<sup>18</sup> Krönig, *Der Urquell*, I (1897), p. 114.

<sup>19</sup> Idem.

## B. The little finger rattles to father or mother:

Das ist der Daumen,  
 Der schüttelt die Pflaumen,  
 Der liest sie,  
 Der isst sie,  
 Wart, ich werd's meiner Mutter sagen.<sup>20</sup>

Rhine Section: Müller, *Zs. f. dt. Mund.* (1915), p. 397.  
 Vienna and Austrian Alps: Fraungruber, *Das dt. Volksl.*, III (1901), p. 68.

Lippe: Wehrhan, *Korrbl. d. Ver. f. niederdt. Sprf.*, XXVII (1907), p. 62.

Alsace-Lorraine: Mathis, *Jb. f. Gesch. d. Spr. u. Lit. Els.-Loth.*, VII (1891), p. 163.

Switzerland: Züricher, *Kinderl. d. dt. Schweiz* (1926), pp. 50-51, nos. 807, 808, 813.

General: Böhme, *Dt. Kinderl. u. Kindersp.* (1924), p. 50, no. 197.

Mecklenburg: Wossidlo, *Meckl. Volksüberl.*, III (1906), p. 61, no. 298; p. 62, no. 300.

## C. The little finger plays a righteous role, refusing to steal. The pedagogic implications of this unique version are clear, setting right the somewhat questionable ethics of IB:

General: Böhme, *Dt. Kinderl. u. Kindersp.* (1924), no. 198.

Frankfurt: Wehrhan, *Frankf. Kinderleben* (1929), no. 182.

## D. The little finger plays the role of accomplice in the stealing of pears:

Der muss das Bäumchen schütteln,  
 der wirft hinauf mit Knütteln,  
 der klaubt die Birn ins Säckchen,  
 der schleppt nach Haus das Päckchen,  
 und der versteckt es in den Stroh,  
 da sind sie mit einander froh.

Frankfurt: Wehrhan, *Frankf. Kinderleben* (1929), no. 168.

## II. The thumb falls into the water, the forefinger pulls it out, the middle finger carries it home, the ring-finger puts it to bed and the little finger plays the role of sympathizer:

<sup>20</sup> Fraungruber, *Das dt. Volksl.*, III (1901), p. 68.

Der ist ins Wasser g'fall'n,  
 Der hat 'n 'rauszog'n,  
 Der hat 'n heimtragen,  
 Der hat 'n ins Bett g'legt,  
 Und der hat 'n warm, warm zudeckt.<sup>21</sup>

Vienna: Fraungruber, *Das dt. Volksl.*, III (1901), p. 68.

Stiermark: Gollob, *Das dt. Volksl.*, XVII (1916), p. 102.

Lippe: Wehrhan, *Korrbl. d. Ver. f. niederdt. Sprf.*, XXVIII (1907), p. 62.

A. de Cock, *Volkskunde* (Ghent), XVII (1905), p. 93.

Frankfurt: Wehrhan, *Frankf. Kinderleben* (1929), nos. 186, 188.

Bacharach, Schillingen-Saar, Repelen-Mörs: Müller, *Zs. f. dt. Mund.* (1915), p. 401.

Denmark: *Skattegraveren*, IV (1885), p. 190, no. 561.

Switzerland: Züricher, *Kinderl. d. dt. Schweiz* (1926), p. 51, no. 817.

A. Little finger plays the role of tattler:

Lippe: Wehrhan, *Korrbl. d. Ver. f. niederdt. Sprf.*, XXVIII (1907), p. 62.

Frankfurt: Wehrhan, *Frankf. Kinderleben* (1929), nos. 184, 185, 190.

Lübeck: *Der Urquell*, II (1898), p. 221.

Dudeldorf: Müller, *Zs. f. dt. Mund.* (1915), p. 401.

Bremen: *Am Urquell*, V (1891), p. 162.

Bronn: Wippermann, *Korrbl. d. Ver. f. niederdt. Sprf.*, XXVIII (1907), p. 38.

Luxemburg: Mersch, *Lux. Kinderreime* (1884), p. 3, no. 4.

Alsace-Lorraine: Mathis, *Jb. f. Gesch. d. Spr. u. Lit. Els.-Loth.*, VII (1891), p. 162.

France: Harou, *Rev. des trad. pop.*, XXIV (1909), p. 180.

Switzerland: Züricher, *Kinderl. d. dt. Schweiz* (1926), p. 51, no. 817.

Holland: de Cock en Teirlinck, *Kinderspel en Kinderlust in Zuid-Nederland* (1903), III, p. 245, 246.

Mecklenburg: Wossidlo, *Meckl. Volksüberl.*, III (1906), p. 62, nos. 301a, 301b.

B. Little finger wakes up the thumb:

General: Böhme, *Dt. Kinderl. u. Kindersp.* (1924), no. 201.

Frankfurt: Wehrhan, *Frankf. Kinderleben* (1929), nos. 183, 186, 187, 191.

Silesia: Schreiber, *Das dt. Volksl.*, XVII (1915), p. 82.

<sup>21</sup> Fraungruber, *Das dt. Volksl.*, III (1901), p. 68.

Switzerland: Züricher, *Kinderl. d. dt. Schweiz* (1926), p. 51, no. 817.

- C. Little finger is the one punished or plays the role of the bailiff:

Gutweiler, Coch.-Poltersdorf, Coblenz: Müller, *Zs. f. dt. Mund.* (1915), p. 402.

- D. Little finger does the punishing:

Switzerland: Züricher, *Kinderl. d. dt. Schweiz* (1926), p. 51, no. 820.

- E. The little finger falls into the pot, the ring-finger pulls it out, the middle finger dries it, the forefinger cooks it and the thumb eats it:

Duisburg: Müller, *Zs. f. dt. Mund.* (1915), p. 402.

- III. The thumb goes into the woods, the forefinger or middle finger catches some form of game (usually a rabbit, though in some examples the game is not specified), the ring-finger cooks it, and the little finger eats it:

Deze is eens naar't bosch gegaan,  
Deze heeft een haas gevangen,  
Deze heeft hem naar huis gebracht,  
Deze heeft hem gebraden,  
En deze dikke, leelijke Boeta heeft hem heel  
opgegeten.<sup>22</sup>

Holland: *Volkskunde* (Ghent), XVII (1905), p. 90.  
Sotzweiler, St. Wendel: Müller, *Zs. f. dt. Mund.* (1915), p. 403.

France: Petigny, *Rev. des trad. pop.*, XVIII (1903), p. 352.  
Wehrhan, *Korrbl. d. Ver. f. niederdt. Sprf.*, XXVIII (1907), p. 63.

Switzerland: Hoffmann-Krayer, *Schweiz. Archiv f. Volksk.*, III (1899), p. 157.

- A. Little finger gets none to eat:

Belgium: *Volkskunde* (Ghent), XVII (1905), p. 92.  
France: Sébillot, *Rev. des trad. pop.*, VII (1892), p. 230, no. 295.  
Bett, Henry, *Nursery Rhymes and Tales* (1924), p. 11.

<sup>22</sup> *Volkskunde* (Ghent), XVII (1905), p. 90.

## B. Little finger asks for some:

Frankfurt: Wehrhan, *Frankf. Kinderleben* (1929), no. 170.

## C. Little finger plays the role of tattler:

Cassel: Lewalter-Schläger, *Dt. Kinderleben u. Kindersp. in Kassel* (1911), p. 23.

Frankfurt: Wehrhan, *Frankf. Kinderleben* (1929), no. 171.

General: Böhme, *Dt. Kinderl. u. Kindersp.* (1924), no. 209.

Alsace-Lorraine: Mathis, *Jb. f. Gesch. d. Spr. u. Lit. Els.-Loth.*, VII (1891), p. 163.

Switzerland: Züricher, *Kinderl. d. dt. Schweiz* (1926), p. 52, no. 825.

## IV. A tale in which the fingers perform the necessary preparations of food; the thumb cuts wood, the other fingers make the fire and cook the food and the little finger is the glutton:

De hait Holt,  
de drig in,  
de kok wat to iäten,  
de scheppt op,  
un de kleine Ditzmann iät alles op.<sup>23</sup>

Western Germany: Brüggmann, *Zs. f. rhein. u. westf. Volksk.*, X (1913), p. 146.

Bergheim, Kempen, Lessenich: Müller, *Zs. f. dt. Mund.* (1915), p. 399. Four examples, the last varying in that the action starts with the little finger.

Dortmund: Brüggmann, *Zs. f. rhein. u. westf. Volksk.*, X (1913), p. 146.

Holland: de Cock en Teirlinck, *Kinderspel en Kinderlust in Zuid-Nederland* (1903), III, nos. 239, 240, 241, 242, 243.

France: Rolland, E., *Rimes et jeux de l'enfance* (1883), p. 25. What is cooked is not named. Little finger gets none.

## A. Preparation of potatoes with the little finger as glutton:

Merz.-Losheim: Müller, *Zs. f. dt. Mund.* (1915), p. 398.

Luxembourg: Mersch, *Lux. Kinderreime* (1884), p. 4, no. 18.

<sup>23</sup> Brüggmann, *Zs. f. rhein. u. westf. Volksk.*, X (1913), p. 146.



## B. Preparation of sausage with the little finger as glutton:

General: Simrock, *Das dt. Kinderbuch* (no date), p. 23.  
 Bitb.-Dudeldorf, Maring Mosel, Stolberg, Cleve: Müller,  
*Zs. f. dt. Mund.* (1915), p. 399, 400.

Frankfurt: Wehrhan, *Frankf. Kinderleben* (1929), no.  
 172. Dillmann, *Hunsrücker Kinderl. u. Kinderr.*  
 (1909), p. 10, nos. 29, 30.

Mecklenburg: Wossidlo, *Meckl. Volksüberl.*, III (1906),  
 p. 62, no. 304.

Belgium: *Volkskunde* (Ghent), XVII (1905), p. 90.

Holland: de Cock en Teirlinck, *Kinderspel en Kinderlust*  
*in Zuid-Nederland* (1903), III, nos. 237, 238, 239.

## V. A tale in which the fingers steal food from some member of the family, and the little finger tattles. The peculiar characteristic of this kind of tale is that no particular action is assigned to an explicit finger. The individual fingers are not even named:

Dümelinsken ga na Bedde!  
 Ick habbe noch nitt giaten.  
 Ga bi Modders Schiäpken.  
 Mei Modder well nitt hewwen.  
 Klein Snäppken well et seggen.<sup>24</sup>

General: Simrock, *Das dt. Kinderbuch* (n. d.), p. 8,  
 no. 34. Böhme, *Dt. Kinderl. u. Kindersp.* (1924), p.  
 52, no. 208.

Beckingen: Müller, *Zs. f. dt. Mund.* (1915), p. 398.

Belgium: *Volkskunde* (Ghent), XVII (1905), p. 91, 92.

Holland: de Cock en Teirlinck, *Kinderspel en Kinderlust*  
*in Zuid-Nederland* (1903), III, nos. 243, 244, 245.

This rhyme may explain the American version:

"Let's go to bed," said Sleepy-Head,  
 "Let's sit a while," said Slow.  
 "Let's lick the pot," said Greedy-Gut,  
 "And sup before we go."

The following examples can not be classed under any of the foregoing heads. In certain cases, as in the following second example, these mutations are more interesting than any of the set examples:

## I. The thumb is the peasant, the forefinger goes to the fields, the middle finger sits in the grain, the ring-finger has the scythes, and the little finger shouts not to cut off its head:

<sup>24</sup> Simrock, *Das dt. Kinderbuch* (n. d.), p. 8, no. 34.

Das ist der Bauer,  
 Der geht auf's Feld,  
 Der sitzt im Korn,  
 Der hat die Sensen,  
 Und der Kleine schreit: Haut's mir nit  
 mein Kopf weg!

Vienna and Austrian Alps: Fraungruber, *Das dt. Volksl.*,  
 III (1901), p. 68.

- II. The thumb dies, the forefinger drops it, the middle finger raises the lid (of the coffin), the ring-finger looks in, and the little finger spits in:

Der eine ist gestorben,  
 Der hat 'n fallen lassen,  
 Der hat 'n Deckel aufg'macht,  
 Der hat hineing'schaut,  
 Und der Kleine hat hineing'spuckt.

Lower Austria: Fraungruber, *Das dt. Volksl.*, III (1901),  
 p. 68.

- III. A tale which only the English and Scotch seem to know:

Thumbiken, Thumbiken broke the barn,  
 Pinnikin, Pinnikin stole the corn,  
 Long back'd Gray  
 Carried it away,  
 Old Mid-man sat and saw,  
 But Peesy-weesy paid for a'.<sup>25</sup>

A variation of this tale gives only four lines. The singer evidently forgot the purpose of the tale:

This broke the barn,  
 This stole the corn,  
 This got none,  
 This went pinky-winky all the way home.<sup>26</sup>

- IV. A tale in which the thumb wanted to go milking, the forefinger did not want to allow it, the middle finger stood before the cup-board, the ring-finger said, "Give me something", and the little finger repeated everything:

<sup>25</sup> Bett, Henry, *Nursery Rhymes and Tales* (1924), p. 10.

St. Swithin, *Antiquary*, XI (1885), p. 417.

Halliwell, *Nursery Rhymes of England* (1843), p. 182.

<sup>26</sup> Northall, *English Folk-Rhymes* (1892), p. 416. Also in Ford, *Children's Rhymes, Games, Songs and Stories* (1903), p. 10.

Dümerling woll na'n Melken gaan,  
 Fingerling woll 't nig liden,  
 Langvatt stund vorm Brodschap,  
 Goldfinger sä: giv mi wat af,  
 Litje Finger sä't alle na.

Bremen: Post, *Am Urquell*, V (1894), p. 221.

- V. The origin of the following tale found in Pomerania can probably be traced to a pedagogical influence on the part of the mother in her attempt to instil into the child the principles of an orderly, domestic life. The fingers are given the names of the family members with a characteristic of each. The bond between the child's life and that of the family is clearly seen:

Das ist der Vater wohlgenut,  
 Das ist die Mutter lieb und gut,  
 Das ist der Bruder schlank und gross,  
 Das ist die Schwester mit dem Püppchen auf dem  
 Schoss,  
 Das ist das Kindchen artig und fein,  
 Das soll die ganze Familie sein.<sup>27</sup>

- VI. Occupying a similar position to the above tale in regard to its pedagogical implications, but somewhat different in that each finger is a "pig", is the following:

Let's go to the wood, says this pig;  
 What to do there, says this pig;  
 To look for my mother, says this pig;  
 What to do with her, says that pig;  
 To kiss and love her, says this pig.<sup>28</sup>

- VII. A tale known only to the English:

There was an old man who lived in middle Row,  
 He had five hens and a name for them, oh!  
 Bill and Ned and Battock,  
 Cut her foot and Prattock,  
 Go to thy nest and lay.<sup>29</sup>

<sup>27</sup> From a manuscript of Dr. Carl Plenzat of Königsberg in the possession of the author. A slight variation of the above, also in the manuscript, has a melody.

<sup>28</sup> Wippermann, *Korrb. d. Ver. f. niederdt. Sprf.*, XXVIII (1907), p. 38. The locality of this tale is not mentioned. The word "pig" usually refers to the toes, but its reference to the finger is specified here.

<sup>29</sup> Halliwell, *Nursery Rhymes of England* (1892), p. 417.

VIII. The following tales from the Chinese show interesting variations:

- A.  
Three horses are drinking,  
Three horses are feeding,  
The two men are fighting,  
The old woman pleading,  
The baby is crying,  
But no one is heeding.<sup>30</sup>
- B.  
A great big brother,  
And a little brother, so,  
A big bell tower,  
And a temple and a show,  
And little baby wee wee  
Always wants to go.<sup>31</sup>
- C.  
This one's old,  
This one's young,  
This one has no meat,  
This one's gone to buy some hay,  
And this one's on the street.<sup>32</sup>

Any interpretation of the mythological meaning of the finger tales is necessarily uncertain. Karl Mersch<sup>33</sup> seeks to interpret the tales as survivals of mythological belief. If applied indiscriminately to all such tales, such an interpretation is definitely strained. One can read nothing more into the majority of tales than an effort to amuse a child, in spite of the fact that Germanic superstition<sup>34</sup> is supposed to have considered each finger sacred, in part, to a certain god and dedicated to his service.

Early Germanic laws<sup>35</sup> gave to each finger a special value. The thumb, as the most important ("Das ist der Vater"), was redeemed in case of a severe injury for twelve "Schillinge".<sup>36</sup> The index finger is perhaps the thief because of its propensity for "Lecken und Naschen" ("Der schüttelt die Pflaumen"). The middle finger, or large finger, must do the tasks of the strong man ("Der hat 'n heimtragen"). The ring-finger is the finger of witchcraft, the finger

<sup>30</sup> Headland, I. T., *Chinese Mother Goose Rhymes* (1900), p. 110. This tale, as is easily seen, is for ten fingers.

<sup>31</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 128.

<sup>32</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 129.

<sup>33</sup> Mersch, *Lux. Kinderreime* (1884), p. 209.

<sup>34</sup> Northall, *English Folk-Rhymes* (1892), pp. 415-416.

<sup>35</sup> Rochholz, *Alemannisches Kinderl. u. Kindersp.* (1857), p. 99.

<sup>36</sup> Dillmann, *Hunsrückers Kinderl. u. Kinderr.* (1884), p. 8.

"mit dem man quecksalbert und Krankheiten beschwört".<sup>37</sup> The English call it the "lecheman", because the "leche" (doctor) tasted with it.<sup>38</sup> It was used among the Greeks and Romans to stir medicine, and in certain parts of England it was formerly held wrong to apply salve or rub the affected part with any but this finger.<sup>39</sup> In the tales it is the ring-finger which puts the thumb to bed and covers it, after the latter has fallen into the water.

The little finger (*auricularis*) is the "Ohrengrübler" and came to be the "Ohrenbläser" and therefore the "Angeber" who tattles to the parents concerning the other members of the hand. The talkativeness of the little finger survives from the reference to it in the *Muspilli*: "Dar scal hant sprehhan, . . . unzi den luzigun vinger"<sup>40</sup> to the present-day expression: "Das hat mir mein kleiner Finger gesagt".

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<sup>37</sup> Northall, *English Folk-Rhymes* (1892), p. 416.

<sup>38</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 416.

<sup>39</sup> *Ibid.*, p. 416.

<sup>40</sup> Vv. 91-92. K. Müllenhoff and W. Scherer, *Denkmäler deutscher Poesie und Prosa aus dem VIII-XII Jahrhundert* (1892), I, p. 14. See also Taylor, "Finger", *Handwörterbuch des deutschen Märchens* (1934), II, pp. 122-123, no. 14.

## AN AID IN THE DISCOVERY OF FOLKSONGS

A LIST OF FINDERS FOR TRADITIONAL BALLADS,  
SONGS, AND PLAY-PARTIES IN THE SOUTHEAST

by

Fletcher Collins, Jr.

Contrary to the impression of many intelligent people, the collecting of American folksongs is not altogether like the collecting of butterflies and arrowheads. "How do you find them?" the collector is asked, and his reply is expected to reveal a genius for divination. This assumption would not be worth dispersing if it did not often reveal an impulse, weak or strong, to go and find a batch of old songs from relatives and old-timers in the neighborhood.<sup>1</sup> Unfortunately the impulse is seldom obeyed, for the incipient collector has no idea of how to lead off. If he begins by asking people for "old songs" he may get "The Man on the Flying Trapeze" or a Broadway hit from the 1920's. While the discovery of folksongs in oral tradition is somewhat a matter of knowing where to look, it is much more a matter of knowing what to ask for and how to ask for it. By and large, one gets what one asks for.

As an aid to folksong collectors, I offer here a fairly comprehensive list of finders for traditional ballads, songs, and play-parties likely to be found in the Southeast. This list was first compiled for my own use in the field. There it proved superior to such other techniques as thumbing through the Sargent-Kittredge edition<sup>2</sup> of the Child ballads and of Sharp's Appalachian collection,<sup>3</sup> asking by titles, relying upon free association in the minds of singer and recorder, humming tunes, or relating the nub of a ballad. The psychology of song-recall has never been completely exposed, but collectors are usually aware that there is a subtle problem involved in stimulating the memory of people who have traditional songs far back in the mind. This list has proved to be a practical solution in providing a psychological method of uncovering and leading into authentic traditional songs.

<sup>1</sup> I choose to ignore the widespread but decreasing assumption, that folksong in the South is to be found only among mountaineers and negroes.

<sup>2</sup> Sargent, H. C., and Kittredge, G. L., *English and Scottish Popular Ballads*. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1904, 1932.

<sup>3</sup> Sharp, C. J., *English Folk Songs from the Southern Appalachians*. 2 vols. London: Oxford University Press, 1932.

The list seems to be useful not only in the hands of a folklorist but also with such incipients as public school teachers and college students. Use of the list requires no extensive knowledge of the traditional repertory. In fact, considerable success has been had in merely leaving a copy of the list with a prospective singer, who at leisure "studies on" it, marks the items which are known to him, and within a few days has recalled texts of some length. Singers are usually curious to see how many items they can recognize, attack the list with the ardor of a quiz fan, and are ready with a batch of songs firmly in mind when the recorder returns. I append to the list a few suggestions about the use of the list by inexperienced collectors.

The list is of course only a sampling of the Southeastern repertory; the day is over, I believe, when scholars are willing to assert that a canon of traditional song in America is or ever will be finite and closed. Yet, from the collecting which has been done during the past two generations, the nucleus of such a canon has become clear. Indeed, this list, incomplete as it must be, may be submitted as at least representative of the shape of the canon in the Southeast. Other folklorists may wish to supplement the list with similar items which I have overlooked in my own experience as a collector and in examining the published collections from the South.

Some delimitation in the listing was necessary in order not to make it cumbersome or heterogeneous. I have excluded all songs which are chiefly used by negroes, and with regret have omitted all but a few of the white spirituals. There are in the list no songs which have only a local habitation: ballads of local murder and disaster, as well as satires and encomiums upon local persons perpetrated by their friends and neighbors. I have also omitted, as a personal crotchet, some of the melodramatic, semi-professional songs now in oral circulation; such pieces as "The Little Rosewood Casket", "The Baggage Coach Ahead", and "Little Nell of Narragansett Bay" seem to me hardly worth collecting. I have included a few items which have rarely or never been found in the Southeast but for which we have hopes. I have also included, in a separate category, the play-party songs which school teachers are particularly anxious to locate in their communities.

Apart from the separate listing of play-party songs, there is on purpose no arrangement of the items. Child ballads, other ballads, lyric songs, early and late, are thrown together with no other principle than the negative one of avoiding the conjunction of two items which might create confusion through recalling two quite similar



ballads or songs. The recall of traditional songs is a psychological process, not a rationalization, and the list conforms to this irrationality.

The size of the list is not possible to determine accurately. All that can be said is that it has a potential stimulus for the recall of between three and four hundred pieces. I am satisfied that the prospective singer who does not recognize several of these items has not been touched by the tradition. Conversely, it is my hope that the list will prove useful as a source of help in uncovering the full extent of many singers' repertoires, and so make more abundantly possible the consequent pleasures of performance, identification, and interpretation.

#### BALLADS AND SONGS

Barbara Allen

The lady held the horse while the soldier fought the battle

Any song with a girl named Polly: Pretty Polly, Sinful Polly, etc.

There was a lady fair and gay  
And she had children three;  
She sent them away to the North country  
To learn their grammaree.

Old Joe Clark

Songs about a person being poisoned

Get up and bar the door

He said he could do more work in a day  
Than his wife could do in three.

Frog lived in a pool

An old man being fooled by his wife

The blue-tailed fly

Lord Thomas and fair Eleanor (or Ella)

Other lords: Lord Lovel, Lord Batesman, Lord Henry, Lord Randal,  
Lord Banner, etc.

Liza Jane

Matthy Grove. The little foot-page.

He bent to his breast and he run (or swum)

Tingled at the ring

The Devil taking away the farmer's wife

One morning, one morning in May

Casey Jones. The Wreck of Number Nine. Old 97. Other railroad songs.

On top of old Smoky, all covered with snow,  
I lost my true lover by courting too slow.

John Henry

Six kings' daughters I've drowned here,  
And you the seventh shall be.

Sweet Betsy from Pike

Home came his horse but never came he

As the dew blows over the green valley

How come that blood all over your shirt?  
My son, come tell it to me.

It rained a mist and it rained a mist,  
It rained all over the town.

Old Bangum and the wild boar

First that came was a maiden, combing out her locks.  
She said she saw Bold Reynard, 'mongst the geese and ducks.

The House Carpenter

Well met, well met, my own true love

There were two crows sat on a tree

Tom Lynn or Tom Bolynn

Sweet William rose on a merry May morn  
And dressed himself in blue.

Go dig my grave both wide and deep

Joseph was an old man, and an old man was he

Light down, light down, Love Henry, she said

Lady Marg'ret

O Mother, O Mother, come riddle my riddle,  
Come riddle it all as one.

Go saddle me my milk-white steed,  
The brown he aint so speedy.

Who will shoe my pretty little feet,  
And who will glove my hand?

George Collins rode home one cold winter night

Hangman, hangman, slack your rope; slack it for awhile

Any songs about Robinhood

I'll set my foot in the bottom of a boat  
And sail across the sea.

Naomi Wise or Omie Wise

As he sailed, as he sailed

Last night there were four Maries,  
Tonight there'll be but three.

Betsy Bell and Mary Gray, they were two bonny lasses

George came riding through the town, A-taking leave of many . . .  
For he was of a noble blood, And loved by a royal lady.

. . . Henry Martin, the youngest of the three,  
That he should go rob on the salt, salt sea.  
To maintain his two brothers and he.

Three times 'round went our gallant ship, And three times around  
went she . . .

The landlubbers (or landsmen) lying down below, below, below.

We killed ten thousand of the French,  
The rest they ran away.

Where have you been, Johnny Randolph, my son?

John of the Hazelgreen

The Big Sheep. The Darby Ram.

If you go down to Darby Town, You'll see him the same as I.

I will sing you One-O . . .

One is one and stands alone, and evermore shall be so.

Awake, awake, you drowsy sleeper

Early, early in the Spring

There was an old man, he lived in the West, Dandoo, dandoo.

The green willow tree

My name it is Joe Bowers, I have a brother Ike

I'm a poor lonesome stranger (soldier) and a long way from home

O Brother Green, do come to me,  
For I am shot and bleeding.

This likely youth one day did go  
Down to the meadow for to mow.

I asked my love to take a walk. To walk a little ways with me

I'll be true to my love, if my love'll be true to me

The cuckoo is a pretty bird, she sings as she flies  
There's herbs in my father's garden  
If I go ten thousand miles  
When cockle shells turn silver bells . . .  
And fades away like morning dew.  
Down in the valley  
Keemo, kimo, dear-o dime  
Green grows the laurel (lilacs) . . .  
And change the green laurel for the red, white, and blue.  
Seven long years I served my king  
Once I courted a fair beauty bright,  
I courted her by day and I courted her by night.  
How old are you, my pretty little Miss? . . .  
I'll be sixteen next Sunday.

George Riley

The red rose and the green brier  
Molly Vaughan (Bond, Bawn) or Polly Vann  
The soldier and the lady  
They rode till they came to the water side,  
Twas just three hours till day.  
Riddle songs: What is higher than a tree, what is deeper than the sea?  
I gave my love a cherry without any stone.

Andrew Barton

Perry, merry, dixie, dominee  
A ship named "The Mary Golden Tree," "The Green Willow Tree," or  
"The Sweet Trinity"  
There was a wealthy merchant, in London he did dwell.  
There was an old woman, skin and bones.  
A pretty fair maid all in a garden  
The banks of Claudie  
Jacky Frazer. Poor Jack has gone a-sailing  
The girl who dressed in man's clothes and went to sea (or to the  
battlefield) to find her lover  
Young Edwin (or Edward) who plows the Lowlands low

And it's hard times . . .

O captain, captain, tell me true. Does my sweet Willie sail with you?

Caroline of Edinboro Town

The moon had climbed the highest hill

Down in Carlisle there lived a lady

Groundhog hunting

There was a rich lady, from London she came;  
A beauty she was, called Sally (or Sarah) by name.

As I was a-walking . . .

Dog and gun. . . I'll be the mistress of your dairy, the milker of your  
cows

What luck had you, dear Johnny? What luck at sea had you?  
My daughter Polly lies dreaming of you.

There was a little family that lived in Bethany

The very first blessing that Mary had, it was the blessing of one,  
To see her little Jesus was God's only son.

The young man who wouldn't hoe corn

Once I had plenty of thyme

Come all you fair and tender ladies

I wish I was a little sparrow

I'll build me a castle on the mountain so high

Come all you good people, I pray you draw near

In New York City (or Jersey City) where I did dwell  
A butcher boy I loved so well.

Three farmers went a-hunting, and the first thing they did find

I came to this country in Eighteen-forty-nine

Black is the color of my true love's hair

Jacob's ladder

Monday, boys, I got me a wife

My parents treated me tenderly, provided for me well

Young Johnny Scott—fell in love with King Henry's daughter

My dearest dear, the time draws near  
When you and I must part.

O love, O love, it's yours I'd be, But *locks and bolts* do hinder  
Whistle, daughter, whistle, and you shall have a sheep

Some say Noah was a good old man,  
Built his ark on the sandy land.

What'll we do with the baby-O?

The woman and the three little pigs

The higher up the cherry tree

Fair Charlotte or Young Charlotte or Fair Charlottie

Fire in the mountains, run, boys, run

My grandmother lived on yonder little green

The oyster girl and the soldier

The first day of Christmas, my true love gave to me

Then she'll be a true lover of mine

Samuel Hall

Where are you going, my good old man?  
Best old soul in the world.

All in the woods there stood a tree,  
Prettiest tree you ever did see.

Frog went a-courting, he did ride

Who killed Cock Robin?

Kitty alone

When I was a little boy I lived by myself

Go tell Aunt Patsy (Rhody, Dinah, etc)

Billy Boy

Down by the seashore

At the foot of the mountain there lived a . . .

Grasshopper sitting on a sweet potato vine

Irish Molly-O

Light o'love

She pulled out a silver dagger

Captain Kidd

Is this the promise you made to me?

Soldier, soldier, won't you marry me?

All down by the silvery tide

On to Richmond, early in the morning

Other songs of the War Between the States

Two little brothers going to school

I've travelled this world over, ten thousand miles or more,  
But I never saw a milch cow with a saddle on before.

Down along the coast of high Barbary

William Hall

The old woman went to the 'pothecary shop  
To see if she could not find  
Something to make her old man blind.

The tailor and the bosun's wife

Old Rosin the Beau

Songs of fox-hunting

Wild Bill Jones

The miller called up his eldest son . . .  
Unto you the mill I'll give.

Jesse James

And the Devil took away the little tailor boy  
With the broadcloth under his arm.

There was a man in ancient times  
The Scripture doth inform us.

Lord, I wish I was a single girl again

John Hardy was a desperate little man

I'll give to you a paper of pins

I walked out one morning in May

Come in, come in, my own true love,  
And stay awhile with me.

Pretty Peggy-O

I belong to that jovial crew  
And nobody cares for me.

O Father, Father, build me a boat

Down by the greenwood side



My mother told me to give him a chair,  
O no, I won't have him.

Go and leave me if you wish to,  
Never let me cross your mind.

Katie Morey

I must and I will get married  
To the merry broomfield

Billy Grimes

The farmer boy who sold the cow at the fair  
Bell-bottom trousers and coats of navy blue  
My love came to my bed side

Once I had a sweetheart,  
A sweetheart brave and true.

The little Mohee

I'll not marry at all, at all,  
And I'll not marry at all.

Frankie and Johnny were lovers

On Shiloh's dark and bloody ground

"No home, no home," cried the orphan girl

It first gave fire, and then gave smoke,  
And then give my shoulder a devil of a jolt.

Rabbit hipped and rabbit hopped,  
Rabbit nipped my turnip top.

Fare you well, charming Nancy

Bury me beneath the willow,  
Beneath the weeping willow tree.

Meet me by moonlight alone

Sir Patrick Spence

Once in my saddle I used to go dashing

The foggy, foggy dew

On the greenbrier shore

First he kissed her ruby lips  
And then he kissed her chin.

Sister, Sister, make my bed,  
My wounds are very sore.

The first landlord was dressed in blue

What do you will to your mother (father, sweetheart, etc.)?

O babes, O babes, if you were mine  
I'd dress you up in silk so fine.

Go pull my shirt from off my back  
And tear it from gore to gore.

Darling Cora (Corey)

When young men go courting  
They dress up so fine.

Will the Weaver was a chimney-sweeper

Sally (Georgia) Buck

I was born in old Virginia,  
To North Carolina I did go.  
There I courted a fair young lady  
But her name I did not know.

Bill Stafford in old Arkansas

The Quaker lover

Old woman, old woman, don't you want me to court you?  
Speak a little louder, sir, I just begin to hear you.

I love my love with a free good will

Chickens a-crowing on Sourwood Mountain

I bought me a cat, my cat pleased me.  
Fed my cat under yonders tree.

Abdul Abulbul Amir

He sailed East and he sailed West,  
Until he came to the Turkish shore.

Bold Lamkin

There was a youth and a comely youth,  
And he was a squire's son.

King Henry he came in the time of her need

O come go back, my pretty little Miss

King John and the Abbot of Canterbury

Don't you crow till it's almost day,  
And your comb shall be of the pure ivory.

Although he had been twelve months dead  
He rode a milk-white steed.

Sing tie-ro-e-ratteling day

She took him by the lily-white hand  
And led him to the table.  
Here's cakes and wine for you, young man,  
To eat and drink we're able.

The blind beggar's daughter of Bethnal Green

The pretty little babes in the woods

In Portage Town there lived a merchant;  
He had two sons and a daughter dear.

Dicky said to Johnson one cold winter's day

Steamboat Bill

She called for a silver basin  
To catch her heart's blood in.

When they go to milk, they milk in the gourd

If you want to go a-courting

Down in the lone green valley

Don't place your affections on a green-growing tree

Come all young men and learn of me  
My sad and mournful history.

Johnny Doyle (Dile)

The carrion crow

The squirrel is a pretty thing,  
It carries a bushy tail.

What are little boys made of?

Cripple Creek girls, don't you want to go to town?

Cotton-eyed Joe

I wish I were on yonder hill,  
There I'd sit and cry my fill.

Johnny Sands

The lily of the West

She had a large fortune in silver and gold

On the banks of sweet Dundee

The drummer boy of Waterloo

I wish I was single again

Old Boney

The boll weevil song

Lulu

I am a roving gambler, I've gambled all around

Rinordine

John, John, John, the grey goose (or black duck) is gone

But she was dumb, dumb, dumb.

The Romish lady

My true love has gone to France

Frankie she's a good girl

Everybody knows.

I went down to St. James Infirmary

The man who put the sheep's skin on his wife's back and beat her

Springfield Mountain

I had a true love but she left me

A soldier's poor little boy

Ida Red

The shabby genteel

I wouldn't marry an old man

I'll go no more a-roving with you, fair maid

The Midnight Special

Michael Roy

Bingo

We could whip them two to one and do it handy-O

Little brown jug

Ten thousand miles away

Two sisters: one drowns the other, and the miller fishes her out

#### PLAY-PARTIES

Looby Loo. Ugly Mug.

Old Roger (Grimes, Pompey, etc.) is dead and laid in his grave

Jolly is the miller

Go in and out the windows  
We're marching 'round the levee  
When I was a young girl  
Oats, peas, beans, and barley grows  
Now you're married you must obey  
Shall I go bound, shall I go free?  
Here sits a young lady  
As I walked out one morning in May  
As I was walking down the street  
King William was King George's (David's, James') son  
Green gravel  
Jump Jim Crow  
Charlie, he's a nice young man  
Weevily wheat  
London Bridge  
Fly little bluebird  
Skip to my Lou  
Here come three farmers (hogdrovers, sailors, etc.), three—we are,  
A-courting your daughter, so gay and so fair.  
Johnny Brown  
Come, Mr. Landers (Philanders), let us be a-marching  
Miss Jennie Jones  
I went to see a friend one day  
Captain Jenks of the horse marines  
Here come three dukes a-riding  
Shoot the buffalo  
We are the Roman soldiers  
The noble Duke of York, he had ten thousand men  
Bow Belinda  
I got a girl in Baltimore  
Coffee grows on a whiteoak tree

Buffalo gals  
Can't dance Josie  
Draw a bucket of water  
Consolation flowing tree  
Down the wilderness  
Get along home, Cindy  
The girl I left behind me  
I wish I was a Granger (a farmer)  
Mississippi River I'm bound to cross  
It rains and it hails, it's cold stormy weather  
I've been to the East and I've been to the West  
She sat down in a sad condition  
Mourning the loss of her own true love  
Round up four in Jutang, Jutang Ju  
Killa Macranky  
Had a little fight in Mexico  
Went up on the mountain top To give my horn a blow  
I'll eat when I'm hungry and drink when I'm dry  
The ocean is wide and I can't step it  
Lead her up and down the old brass wagon  
Old Dan Tucker  
Sandy Land  
Pig in the parlor  
Polly put the kettle on  
Possum up the simmon tree  
Run, nigger, run, the patterol will get you  
Sandy, he belongs to the mill  
Shoo fly, don't bother me  
Walk and talk together on a long summer day  
Three little girls went skating  
Tideo (Todeo, Teddy-o)  
Walking on the green grass, Dusty, dusty, dust

We're marching down to old Quebec  
 William come tremble toe  
 My pretty little pink  
 O my love, will you wear red?

"A few suggestions about the use of this list:

1. Welcome any song which the singer offers in response to any of these finders. You may thus hear a fine song which is not in this partial list.

2. The catch-lines as given in this list will not often be identical with the version known to the singer. Always assure the singer that his version is the "right" one, for him and you. There is no "correct" or "standard" version of any traditional song. The freedom of these songs to change, evolve, develop, is their creative element.

3. There is no harm in showing this list to a singer. You may even leave it with him for a few days, so that he may study it and recall more songs than come immediately to his mind when you ask for songs.

4. The words of a traditional song are only half of the ballad or love-song, and only a third of the play-party. Be sure to record accurately the music of the song, and also the dance-pattern of the play-party. If you cannot write down the music yourself, cannot trust your memory to be accurate, and have not available a phonographic recording machine, ask the music teacher in your school or community to assist you.

5. Ballads are often known as "love-songs." A "ballet" is usually considered as a handwritten version of a traditional song. Ballets are often found in the attics and trunks of old people. A favorite Sunday afternoon pastime of young ladies years ago was the writing down, in scrap-book form, of songs known to the writers. Often the tunes are still remembered by the writers or their descendants.

6. City people, if of a community settled by the English or Scotch, are as likely prospects as country people are."<sup>4</sup>

<sup>4</sup> *The Discovery of Cultural Resources in the Community: A List of Finders for Traditional Ballads, Songs, and Play-Parties.* Compiled by Fletcher Collins, Jr. Community Education Workshop, University of North Carolina, Chapel Hill, N. C., 1941. Mimeographed.



## SHAPE-NOTE HYMNALS AND THE ART MUSIC OF EARLY AMERICA

by  
Dorothy Horne

The connection between folk-music and the tunes of the shape-note hymnals is already well-known. Dr. George Pullen Jackson's *White Spirituals in the Southern Uplands*<sup>1</sup> and his subsequent *Spiritual Folk-songs of Early America*,<sup>2</sup> have proved this relationship conclusively. What is not so well known is that there is an equally definite relationship between these hymns and our first art-music. This relationship takes two forms: first, the inclusion of many hymns and anthems of eighteenth-century America, elsewhere regarded only as curiosities, and second, a use of this same harmonic style in tunes of a much later origin.

It should be remembered that American composers, until after the Revolution at least, were largely concerned with sacred music. At first their compositions were simple hymn tunes; later they wrote elaborate anthems and "fuguing tunes". These latter, and to some extent the former, were composed along contrapuntal lines, rather than in block harmonies. It must also be remembered that these early composers were largely self-taught. The only theorist of any note was William Tans'ur, whose treatises on harmony and counterpoint are, to put it charitably, most ambiguous. Consequently, the American composer learned mostly from a trial and error method that resulted in certain crudities that had been eliminated from European music long before.

It was the folk-element in the tunes that first led the present author to the shape-note hymnals, particularly to *Swan's New Harp of Columbia*, which is the hymnal in almost exclusive use throughout East Tennessee. But the quaint harmonic background proved to be of as great interest as the melodies themselves. Particularly interesting was the repeated occurrence of certain musical archaisms which have disappeared from modern music but which were common enough at one time in the historical development of the art. These were (1) the avoidance of the final third in the cadence, (2) the common use of consecutive fifths and octaves, (3) a primitive form of counterpoint in which a dissonance might result from the continuance of a melodic line, (4) crude canonic entrances, (5) the use of the Aeolian minor instead of the harmonic or melodic forms.)

<sup>1</sup> *White Spirituals of the Southern Uplands*, University of North Carolina Press, Chapel Hill, 1933.

<sup>2</sup> *Spiritual Folk-Songs of Early America*, J. J. Augustin, Inc., New York, 1937.

It is obvious, therefore, that, though the date on the title-page of the author's copy of *The New Harp* is 1921, it is no modern hymnal. Dr. Jackson<sup>3</sup> states that *The New Harp* has not been changed since 1867, and was then simply a revision of an earlier edition published in 1849. He further states that this earlier edition was largely compiled from earlier hymnals, among which was Caldwell's *Union Harmony*, printed in 1837. This borrowing was quite extensive. A comparison of the indices show that forty-six of the titles in *The New Harp* are present also in the *Union Harmony*. Of these, three are totally different tunes. One is torn out of the Caldwell book so that comparison is impossible. Of the remaining forty-two, all except "Old Hundred" are in the same key in both volumes; eighteen are alike in all parts; eighteen more are alike except for one or two notes, some obviously misprints. One is the same except that the alto, or "counter" is omitted in the *Union Harmony*. The remaining five are essentially alike in both volumes, but might have as much as two measures difference, usually in the alto.

Since the borrowing was so literal, it would seem probable, therefore, that the accepted method of compiling a hymnal was then, as now, to take the best tunes from earlier books, add a few new ones, and publish the result under a new title, this volume to be in turn borrowed from by subsequent compilers.

This theory of compilation was borne out by subsequent examination of other shape-note hymnals from about the same period. One of these,<sup>4</sup> William Walker's *Southern Harmony*,<sup>5</sup> contains eighty of the same titles, only one of which is a different tune. Of these, eighteen were note for note the same. Of the remaining sixty-two, thirty were the same except for minor differences, which consist largely of the omission of one part, usually the counter, Mr. Walker obviously preferring three-part singing to four-part.

Compilers of shape-note hymnals are notoriously careless about acknowledgements. Thus M. L. Swan often gives simply "Swan" as the composer, though the tune might have been composed by himself, his uncle, or Timothy Swan, who lived at the turn of the nineteenth century. He was also careless in spelling: thus "More" is really "Morgan", and "Leed" is "Reed". However, for this study, a list of composers was made, checked, and cross-checked with many

<sup>3</sup> *White Spirituals*, p. 326.

<sup>4</sup> Others were John B. Jackson's *Knoxville Harmony*, 1840, and Joseph Funk's *Genuine Church Music*, 1832. Results of comparison were similar.

<sup>5</sup> Published 1835, revised 1854.

other hymnals in an attempt to trace each hymn to its original source and to compare this version with that in *The New Harp*.

This search turned up a significant number of genuine eighteenth century American compositions, surprisingly unchanged harmonically in nearly a hundred and fifty years of filtering through shape-note hymnals. Some of these tunes are included in modern hymnals, but the air has been moved to the soprano, and the harmonization changed. The list is as follows:

1. "Amsterdam," James Nares, 1715-1783. The author found its earliest appearance in *The American Harmony*, A. Williams, 1773. Since Nares was not an American, this tune probably should not be included here, though the harmonization displays the typical American crudities, and may have been done here. The tune in *The New Harp* has been simplified somewhat, and the upper parts changed, but the bass line is substantially the same as in the earliest versions.

2. "Coronation," Oliver Holden. First appearance in Holden's *Union Harmony*, 1793. The harmonization has been changed somewhat, but is essentially the same.

3. "Easter Anthem," William Billings. First appeared in the supplement to the *Suffolk Harmony*, 1786, and was included in practically every hymnal of the time. It is note for note the same, except for the use of accidentals. This is an elaborate example of the sort of contrapuntal composition popular in America up to the beginning of the nineteenth century.

4. "Huntingdon," Justin Morgan. First found by the author in Atwill, *New York Collection of Sacred Harmony*, 1794. It is note for note the same in *The New Harp*. This is one of the so-called "fuguing tunes."

5. "Invitation," Jacob Kimball. Found by the author first in Holden's *Union Harmony*, 1793. The harmonization, except for a few notes and the use of accidentals is the same in *The New Harp*. It is a fuguing tune.

6. "Lenox," Edson. Copied by hand on the fly leaf of Tansur's *American Harmony*, with the inscription "Lennex-Ezekiel Allen's Book, 1773." It is also in Holden's *Union Harmony*. The harmonization in *The New Harp* is exactly the same as in Holden, and quite similar to the "Lennex" version. It also is a fuguing tune.

7. "Mear," the composer is given variously as Brown, Williams and Barnard. According to William

Arms Fisher,<sup>6</sup> it first appeared in Tate and Bradys' *New Version of the Psalms of David*, 1775. However, the author found it in James Lyons' *Urania*, 1761. The harmonization is much the same in *The New Harp*. Soprano and tenor are exactly the same (except for one accidental) while the alto and bass each has four notes difference. John Tasker Howard thinks this may have been the first American composition.<sup>7</sup>

8. "Middleton," the composer is given both as Ball and Bull. First found by the author in *The Village Harmony*, 1803, where it is note for note the same as in *The New Harp*.

9. "Milford," Stephenson. First found by the author in Andrew Law's *Rudiments of Music*, 1792, where it is exactly the same as in *The New Harp*, except for the use of modulatory accidentals. It is a fuguing tune.

10. "Montgomery," Justin Morgan. Found first by the author in Holden's *Union Harmony*. It is a fuguing tune, and like *The New Harp* version except for two measures difference in the alto.

11. "Ocean," Timothy Swan. First found by the author in Law's *Rudiments of Music*. There are few changes in *The New Harp*, mostly in the alto part. A fuguing tune.

12. "Ode on Science," Sumner. Although the author failed to find this in any eighteenth century hymnal, it is common in hymnals of the first decade of the nineteenth century, and its martial words suggest a Revolutionary origin. Since Sumner lived between 1754 and 1836, it is quite possible that it was composed in the last quarter of the eighteenth century.

13. "Rose of Sharon," Billings. This elaborate anthem appeared first in Billing's *Singing Master's Assistant*, 1778. There are three notes different in *The New Harp*.

14. "St. Martin's," William Tans'ur. Is contained in *The American Harmony*, 1773, one of Tans'ur's first American publications. The tenor (air) and the bass lines are the same in *The New Harp*, though the upper voices more closely resemble the harmonization which occurs in Law, Holden, and Atwell.

15. "Wells," Holdrayd. First found by the author in Lyons' *Urania*, where the key is G instead of F as

<sup>6</sup> Fisher, William Arms, *Ye Olde New England Psalm Tunes*, Boston, Oliver Ditson, 1930.

<sup>7</sup> Howard, John Tasker, *Our American Music*, discussed under Lyon's *Urania*.

in *The New Harp*. The bass and tenor lines are the same in both harmonizations. The soprano part is the same as that in Law's harmonization. All of the early versions begin on the third beat of the measure, while *The New Harp* begins the hymn on the first beat.

16. "Windham," Daniel Reed, or Read. First found by the author in Holden's *Union Harmony*. It is in the harmonic minor; *The New Harp* uses the Aeolian; otherwise it is the same except for a difference of four notes in the alto.

17. "Winter," also by Reed and also found in the *Union Harmony*. The harmonization is the same as in *The New Harp* except for one accidental in the Holden version. *The New Harp* uses a half note as the unit beat instead of a quarter note.

One important difference between the originals of these early American compositions and their shape-noted versions has been hinted at but not explained. The originals are sprinkled with chromatics which accomplish two important things: they make modulations, mostly to the dominant by means of the raised fourth, and they change the archaic Aeolian minor into the more modern harmonic form by means of a raised seventh. Now, as far as the author knows, there have never been separate shapes for sharp and flat chromatics. So, while early shape-note editors like Freeman Lewis<sup>8</sup> might print a G sharp in the key of a minor, the shape was still the round shape of sol and was doubtless sung that way by the musically untrained for whom these notes were devised. Many later shape-note hymnals, including *The New Harp*, omit inflections altogether. There are in consequence, no modulations, even though the bass patterns, inherited from the originals, calls for them. This deficiency results in a curious modal quality in some of the intermediate cadences. As a further result of this lack of accidentals, all minors in *The New Harp* are Aeolian, whereas the originals were in the harmonic minor.<sup>9</sup>

Several other hymns date from before eighteen hundred, but are not of American origin. Among these are "Arlington", the tune of which is attributed to Thomas Arne in 1792, but whose harmonization is by Lowell Mason; and "Dundee", taken from the *Scottish Psalter* of 1615, whose harmonization resembles that appearing in Thomas Ravenscroft's *Psalter*, 1621. The second phrase is note for

<sup>8</sup> Lewis, Freeman. *The Beauties of Harmony*, Pittsburgh, 1814.

<sup>9</sup> In singing, the seventh is never raised, though other tones may be altered, depending on the group. The author has heard Aeolians with raised sixths, forming Dorians, and with raised third, forming Mixolydians.

note the same. *The New Harp* also includes the famous "Old Hundred", which here, as in earlier hymnals, is unhesitatingly attributed to Martin Luther. Later hymnals give Bourgeois as the composer. Lowell Mason<sup>10</sup> says it is found as far back as Marot and Bégus Psalms, 1543. *The New Harp* harmonization is apparently based on a much earlier one, for the bass line is the same as that in Holden's *Union Harmony*.

Though this early art-music forms only a small percentage of the total contents of *The New Harp*, it is significant that many features of the style are incorporated in the harmonizations of much later tunes. Thus, eighty-one of the two hundred and eighteen hymns and anthems in *The New Harp* have no third in the final triad. The incidence is only slightly higher in the hymnals of Billings, Tans'ur, Holden and the rest. (There are twenty-three fuguing tunes in *The New Harp*, only five of which date from early times. In both *The New Harp* and the earlier hymnals, the contrapuntal idea is obviously paramount; for while care is taken to make each part interesting and logical from a linear standpoint, the lines often clash with one another. Consecutive fifths and octaves abound.) Tans'ur seems to have been the only early American composer to have had any qualms on this subject. Although he uses consecutive octaves and unisons freely, he permitted consecutive fifths only between a passing tone and a chord tone. However, the general opinion of the time seems to have been voiced by William Billings, who said,

For my own part, I don't think myself confined to any Rules of Composition laid down by any who went before me.<sup>11</sup>

Every art technique develops from a long period of experimentation. Europe, for instance, produced much of her great music after the sixteenth century, and the musicologist traces the gradual emergence of the cadence, tonality, modulation and so on, through many experimental phases. It is not, perhaps, odd that music in early America should show many of the same characteristics that were common at one time in European music, since it was practically uninfluenced by contemporary foreign techniques. What is remarkable is that these faults of a primitive art crystallized into a definite style and that this style survives today, by both early and later examples, in the shape-note singing of the South.

<sup>10</sup> See Mason's *National Psalmist*, under this hymn.

<sup>11</sup> See the preface to Billings's *New England Psalm Singer*, 1770.



## GOLDEN HAIR

by

Calvin Claudel

The following version of this story was told by Mrs. Leota Edwards Claudel, who now lives at Chalmette, Louisiana, in Saint Bernard Parish. She originally heard it in Avoyelles Parish, Louisiana, where it was told in the towns of Marksville, Mansura, and Goudeau. Among the people of this area this is a very popular story. At night neighbors go to each other's house for "la veille," a sort of evening visit for conversation and entertainment. Here they listen to some raconteur tell folktales. This story is a classic usually told at the end of their sessions. At such gatherings was always present my mother's foster parent, Fey Goudeau, whom they called "Monsieur Fey." He was always in demand for his folktales, and this one was among his repertory.

Parts of the following tale are found in Joseph M. Carrière's story, "La Bête à Sept Têtes."<sup>1</sup> Here we find the golden ball and the lice motif, but a considerably different story. It is probable, however, that this story was brought to Missouri from Marksville, Louisiana, after the Civil War. Many of the tales in Carrière's collection are of Louisiana origin.

There was once a lord who lived in a manor with his wife and son. Because the son had hair the color of gold, he was called Golden Hair. Now, in front of the manor-house was a huge cage in which was kept a large bear. The lord prized the bear above all else he had, even above his wife and Golden Hair, because the bear was able to talk. When Golden Hair was lonesome, he liked to go near the cage and talk with the bear. So one day his father said:

"Golden Hair, I forbid you to talk with the bear or go near the cage." Then he said to his wife: "Here, you keep the key to the cage, but if the bear escapes I will kill you." And he added to his son: "Tomorrow, Golden Hair, is your fifteenth birthday; and if you obey me well, I shall bring you a present."

The next day the lord brought his son a golden ball. Then he went out to see and feed the bear. Every day he did this while the bear walked around the cage. It was said that the bear had been a beauti-

<sup>1</sup> *Tales from the French-Lore of Missouri*, (Northwestern Studies in the Humanities), Evanston and Chicago, 1937, p. 37.



ful woman, a former wife of the lord, and by magic he had changed her into a bear.

After his father had gone for the day, Golden Hair went out to play with his new golden ball. He threw it up and down, and it flashed under the blazing sun. At length he threw the ball some distance, and it flew into the great cage. He went to the cage and said to the bear: "Bear, return me my ball, will you please?"

The bear stood still, looked at Golden Hair and answered: "You had forgotten me, Golden Hair. Now that you have a golden ball you don't come to talk to me anymore. I cannot return you your ball, unless you let me out."

"That I cannot do," answered Golden Hair. "My father forbade my even coming near the cage. He will probably punish me very much for letting my ball fall into it. Besides I have no key. My mother keeps it at her side on a ring."

"I know how you can get it from your mother," began the bear. "Go to your mother. Tell her that your head itches and that you wish she would look to see if there are lice on it. While she is combing your hair, you can slip the key from the ring hanging at her waist."

Golden Hair hesitated but at length agreed. When he reached his mother, he said: "Mother, my head itches. Will you please pass the comb through my hair to see if I have lice?"

His mother, surprised at this request, took her large silver comb and combed her son's hair into her lap. While she did this, he reached for the key. "Golden Hair," at last said she, "I see nothing in your hair. Perhaps it was only your imagination."

He went away hurriedly to the bear, holding the key tightly in his hand.

"How shall I return the key without being found out, after I let you out?" asked Golden Hair.

"Do as you did before. Say your head itches very, very much and you wish she would look again for lice," answered the bear.

Golden Hair opened the cage. Out came the bear, giving Golden Hair his golden ball. The bear was free. Again Golden Hair went back to his mother and said: "Dear Mother, I am sure I have lice in my head. It itches me very, very much. Will you please look again for lice?"

"Son, you should go out to play with your golden ball," replied his mother, "and stop worrying about your hair. I think it is your imagination."

Golden Hair then grew worried and became pale for himself and for his mother, because he now wondered what his father would say and do. So he begged his mother again: "Please, Mother dear, pass the comb through my hair once more."

Then his mother took her large silver comb and carefully combed his hair again and again. While she did this, he put the key back on the ring, and at last said: "Mother, perhaps it was my imagination. I shall go out to play."

When the lord came home, he went first to the bear's cage and found it gone. He went to his wife in great anger and said: "The bear is gone. What has happened?"

"I don't know," answered the wife in terror. "Here is the key. I have not been to the cage today."

"I will kill you!" exclaimed the lord in wrath. "I warned you not to let the bear escape. It was in your care."

Golden Hair, who had come into the manor-house, heard his father as he began to kill his mother. He then fell to weeping and pleaded: "Father, Father, do not kill Mother. I stole the key from her side, and I let the bear escape, because my golden ball fell into the cage."

Now it happened that the lord had in his stables a very, very wild stallion horse, which no one dared to ride. He decided to punish Golden Hair by binding him to the wild horse's back. Into his son's pocket he put a letter, describing who he was, in case the boy should be found. The wild horse galloped away madly, with Golden Hair swaying from side to side. After galloping and running, finally the animal halted at the gate of a large strange-looking house, with Golden Hair's senseless body hanging down into the dust. An ugly old giant came outside and took Golden Hair from the horse's back. He read the letter in his pocket, brought him inside and revived him. After Golden Hair had recovered, the giant said to him: "You shall help me around the place. Take care of it well while I am away and do the work. But there are certain things that you must never, never do: Never feed my horse in the stable, never clean the ashes from the fireplace nor sweep from under my bed the shucks that fall from my shuck mattress; for if you do any of these things, you shall die."

After he had said this, the giant left the house. Golden Hair thought about what the giant had said for a long time but decided to go feed the horse anyhow. Before he did this, he cleaned the ashes from the fireplace and also swept the shucks from under the bed, placing on the outside the shucks and the ashes with the nails in them. When he came to the horse with a sack of corn, the horse, who was

able to talk, spoke to Golden Hair: "My master will kill you for disobeying him. You should escape and go away before he returns. In the large back room of the house you will find a saddle, a bridle, and a sword. Bring them quickly and saddle me. We shall escape before it is too late. Also get three sacks. In one place shucks, in another ashes, and in the last put some nails. Bring them along with you."

Golden Hair went to the room and found the saddle with a golden pommel, a bridle with a golden bit, and the sword with a hilt of solid gold. These he took, and filled the sacks hurriedly and brought them out to where he had left the horse, which he saddled immediately. The horse said: "Now tie the sacks on the side, and let us be off."

Golden Hair put his foot into the stirrup, mounted onto the saddle, and was away with the sacks hanging to the side. After they were at a distance, the giant returned, saw he had been disobeyed, and found his horse missing. With a group of horsemen he followed in pursuit.

Golden Hair saw them coming and was greatly worried. Then the horse said: "Empty the sack of ashes."

Golden Hair did, and up rose a mountain of ashes, covering and almost smothering the riders with dust. But they got through the ashes and caught up again.

"Throw out the sack of shucks," said the horse.

As Golden Hair shook them out, there arose a mountain of shucks. But the riders went around and soon caught up with them again.

"Now empty your sack of nails," said the horse.

Then there rose up a mountain of nails, and the riders became entangled and slid down the side. Golden Hair and the horse escaped. Finally they reached a wooded grove on the side of a mountain from which could be seen a great castle and town nearby. The horse then said to Golden Hair: "Let us stop here, Golden Hair. Build a cabin. Then go to the castle to look for work. Buy yourself a wig in the town so that no one will recognize you."

So Golden Hair unsaddled the horse, built a hut and left for town. At a shop he bought a cheap, ugly wig with a few coins he had, and then went on to the great castle. He went to the gardener and said: "Sir, I am a stranger. I stay outside the town, and I need work."

Looking at this youth with the ugly hair, the gardener answered: "There is no job for you here. Besides, the king does not engage strangers."

But just as Golden Hair was about to leave in despair, the gardener said: "I need someone to remove caterpillars from the vegeta-

bles. If you will do this, I shall give you some food and a few pennies a week."

Golden Hair agreed and began to work immediately. Every evening he returned to his hut, bringing corn for his horse, which he now loved very much and with which he discussed his affairs as wormer of vegetables at the castle garden. At night he slept, his head resting on the saddle.

Now, every day when he had finished worming the vegetables and after he had removed his wig, Golden Hair combed his hair at a fountain in the courtyard nearby. One day while he was wetting and combing his hair, he heard someone come up to him. Quickly putting on his wig, he looked up and saw a very beautiful young girl.

"Who are you and why are you so frightened?" asked she.

Golden Hair looked at the beautiful maiden with admiring eyes and finally said: "I am a stranger here. I help the gardener to worm the vegetables."

Then came the maid servant who called out: "Princess, come away. It is time to go."

Golden Hair was left in amazement, because he then realized she was the princess, the beautiful daughter of the king.

It was announced one day that there were to be games of chivalry in the town near the castle. Should someone win the games three times in succession, he would be given the beautiful daughter of the king in marriage. Upon hearing this news, Golden Hair hinted to the gardener that he might like to enter the games also. There was an old wooden horse nearby. So the gardener said jokingly: "Here, boy, you can enter on this nag, if you will."

"Perhaps I shall," replied Golden Hair.

When Golden Hair reached home, he told his horse what had happened. He likewise told him about the games that were to take place. Then his horse said: "Look in the saddle bag. In it are clothes for riding and games."

Golden Hair took off his old clothes and wig, put on his beautiful riding clothes, and rode out to the games on his horse with his golden sword at his side. He appeared in his flowing golden hair. Everybody was filled with admiration for the handsome young man whom they had never seen before. Everyone asked who he was, but could not find out. When the games began, he won every race and contest. As he left the place when the games were over, all the people cheered madly for him.

At the castle everyone talked about the winner. The princess was not to be there, however, until the last games of the third week, when she was to meet the winner and be married to him if he had won three successive times. So the princess was anxious for the handsome golden-haired knight to win, since she had heard about him.

One day Golden Hair was combing his hair again. While he was washing at the fountain before putting on his wig, the princess again came upon him. This time she saw him without his wig. His hair looked very, very beautiful in the sunlight.

"Why do you wear that ugly wig?" asked the princess.

"My father was a cruel lord and banished me from home," answered Golden Hair. "I wear the wig to keep from being recognized and caught. . . ."

Taking the letter about him from his pocket, he showed it to the princess and told her how he lived on the outside of town. Every day after that the princess met Golden Hair at the fountain, and they began to fall in love. Golden Hair was now more determined than ever to win the games; so he went to them again the next week. Everybody was greatly surprised and wished to know who the noble-looking stranger was—he with the golden hair. But Golden Hair hastened away to his hiding place, curried and fed his faithful horse, and went to the castle.

The following week Golden Hair said to the gardener, after he had talked to the princess again: "Sir, lend me the wooden horse. I shall vie for the princess in the games tomorrow."

"You are indeed a silly young man," answered the gardener. "If you want to look foolish, take the old wooden horse. Naturally it doesn't move."

The next day at the field some people saw a knight with ugly hair arrive, carrying a lifeless wooden horse. They laughed and said: "Surely you cannot enter with that."

Golden Hair had left his faithful horse nearby. He then returned for him, leaving the wooden horse behind. He quickly got into his riding clothes, mounted his horse, and came back, his shining golden hair floating in the breeze. And everyone shouted: "Hurrah for the fair-haired rider!"

The princess had arrived and was sitting next to her father, the king. When she recognized Golden Hair, she was very much surprised and pleased, but said nothing to her father about her having met him in the courtyard and about his helping the gardener by taking worms from the vegetables.

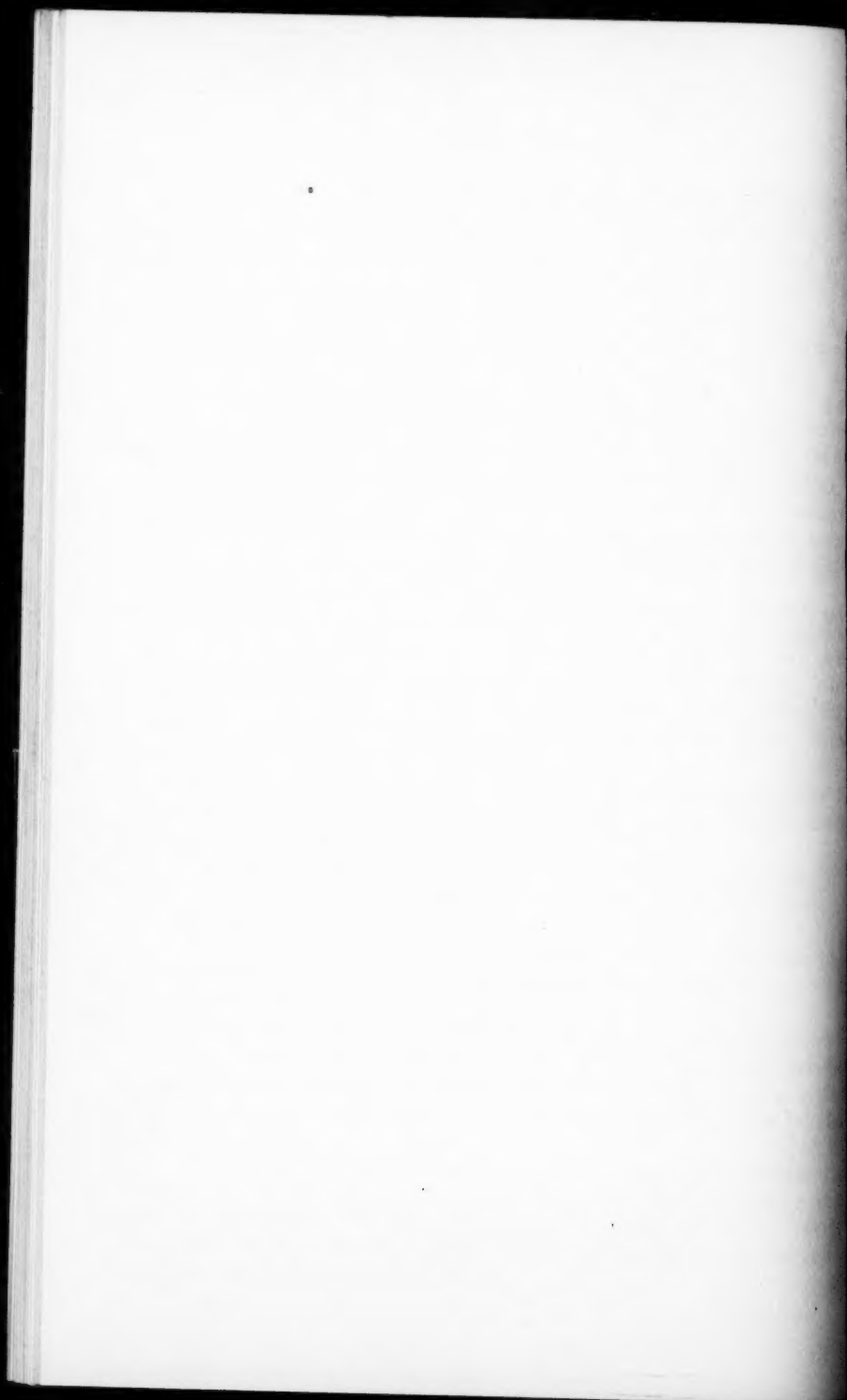
"If the fair-haired knight wins today," said the king, "your hand will be given him in marriage, my daughter."

"I have heard that he is a good rider and knight-at-arms," said the princess as she smiled.

Again Golden Hair won with his big black horse. Everybody was wild with excitement, because no one as yet knew who Golden Hair was. Then all the nobles and lords brought Golden Hair to the princess and king. The king was surprised when the princess was overjoyed to meet Golden Hair. Then Golden Hair told the king and all the nobles who he was, presenting the letter from his pocket.

Golden Hair and the princess were married at a great wedding ceremony in the castle, where all were invited, everyone from the lowest to the highest rank in the land. And Golden Hair and the princess lived happily ever after.

*New Orleans, Louisiana.*





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